

MISSIONARY TRAVELS

IN

CENTRAL AFRICA

BY

F. S. ARNOT, F.R.G.S.



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Photo by Geo. Eastman, Boston.

F. L. Arnet. F. R. G. S.

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BY
F. S. ARNOT, F.R.G.S.
Author of "Garenganze," etc.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
W. H. BENNET.

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MAPS.

There are five Maps of Central and South Africa, one with each part of this book. These Maps which are all alike show the various Mission Stations where servants of Christ named in the appendix (B) are working. The red marking which varies on each map, indicates the journeyings of Mr. Arnot as described in the part to which the map is attached. The two great lines of railway converging on the Garenganze Country (now called Katanga) one from Cape Town and the other from Benguela are also marked in each Map.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHEN last in England I was asked to republish the original "Garenganze," but this would have meant reprinting many mistakes, and much that by this time is quite out of date. So I sat down and re-wrote my story of pioneering journeys, without attempting to give a history of the missionary work that has been carried on so successfully by the brethren and sisters whose names appear in our Appendix. Indeed, to think rightly of the tract of country extending from Bihé to the Lakes Mweru and Bangueolo, one has to divide it up into five mission fields, each with its own group of workers, and with its own separate history. These may be briefly described as follows :

1. The Bihé plateaus are homes now of native churches that go a long way to support their own outstations, schools, and evangelists.

2. The Chokwe is still a field full of peril and privation.

3. Again, further East, in the Luvale-Lunda countries with their fine stations, "light has sprung up" to many, and of Kavungu the missionaries write of a "continual stream of blessing."

4. The old Garenganze field, now called Katanga, has passed through most unusual vicissitudes, the history of which would require a book to itself,

but much that appeared to have been lost has been gathered up within the last ten years. Msidi's old capital at Bunkeya has been rebuilt ; Muenda, the chief, is a most generous helper, and the Belgian Government has loyally kept the field open for our brethren, only reinforcements at the four stations now occupied are sadly wanted.

5. The Vemba mission field is in British territory, and is traversed in all directions by the paths that Livingstone trod during the years of his "Last Journey."

I hope no one will look upon this little book as an appeal to the churches ; others can make such appeals, and ought to do so earnestly and continuously, but the missionary, conscious of his call, can only "go forward" irrespective of men and means, come life—come death.

F. S. ARNOT.

"Raywood,"
Park View,
Johannesburg,
April 30th, 1914.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Mr. Arnot asked me to write an Introduction to the book he was preparing, I little thought that before I did this his toilsome journeyings would be ended, and his loving labours left to be carried on by others. But while we deeply feel the loss of this devoted servant of Christ, it is good to be able to record the fact that his course, so well and nobly run, has given place to rest with Christ, and his "good fight," so valiantly fought, has ended in victory. Truly he rests from his labours, waiting for the day of resurrection glory, and his works, which follow him (Rev. xiv. 13), are kept as carefully as the worker, and will be found to his account, and fully rewarded in "the day of Christ."

The fact that our brother and friend is no longer with us makes some brief notice of his early days desirable, even as it is interesting and instructive.

As in natural things one generation not only follows another but springs from it, so it is in spiritual things. A little of this we see now, but only when we review the pathway of the Church of God, and of those who have been His servants in the Church and in the Gospel, with the full light of God shed on it, shall we fully discern the links between one generation and another, and learn how the influence of servants of Christ in one period has borne fruit in the next, that influence often being unconsciously exercised. It was little thought when tidings of Dr. Livingstone's death reached us that there was a youth in Scotland being prepared by his example to follow in his steps, with the same high object and in the same lowly spirit. Yet so it was.

Frederick Stanley Arnot was born in Glasgow, 12th September, 1858, of Christian parents, both of whom had

a godly ancestry, and their children were trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He was led in his childhood to receive Christ as his own Saviour, and he afterwards wrote, "From the day of my conversion when quite a boy I cherished the desire to take some share in carrying the Gospel to Central Africa." One of his sisters kindly gives me a few particulars. "Father and mother removed to Hamilton, where Dr. Livingstone's family lived, when Fred was about four years of age. Shortly afterwards mother took him with her to the Academy where Dr. Livingstone was distributing prizes. Fred remembered the interesting event, and when we became intimate with Dr. Livingstone's family (his youngest daughter and I being in the same class at school), Fred and I often spent our Saturdays at their house, and, as children, naturally delighted in poking into the corners of an attic, where many of the doctor's curios, books, and letters were kept. One Saturday Annie Mary read to us a letter from her father describing the cruelties of the slave-traders, and Fred remembered then making a resolution that 'he would go and help that good man in his work.' Afterwards, when going over our geography lessons, he invariably finished with a special talk on Africa, instructing me about the country and people. I remember once asking him how he was to get there, and who would give him the money. 'Oh!' he replied, 'if no one sends me I will swim.' All through his youthful days he had the firm purpose of going to Africa, even in spite of difficulties which friends put in his way. At the shipbuilding yard in Tayport he spent six months in learning how to use tools, which training, he often said, 'was very useful to him in Africa.'" Miss Arnot also speaks of "the singular uprightness of Fred's life at home, which was felt by all the family."

Thus after these years of exercise of heart about Africa, spent in such service as meanwhile he was enabled to render, it was in very real dependence upon God that

Mr. Arnot left England, July 19th, 1881, for S. Africa *en route* for the Upper Zambesi. He was well commended by Christians in Glasgow, and the late Mr. Henry Groves and Dr. Maclean were much interested in his going forth. They followed the account of his journeyings, and the going out of others as the result of his efforts, with the same prayerful interest. Brief notices of the work carried on were and are still given in our little paper, *Echoes of Service*.

On the voyage out, Mr. Arnot wrote, "There is no doubt that we have uphill work before us, and I more than ever feel persuaded that it will only be by much prayer and waiting upon God that we shall be enabled to be faithful to Him." The first trial that befell him was the illness of his companion, who, acting on medical advice, remained in Natal, so that Mr. Arnot had to proceed alone. It is at this point that his narrative begins. That I will not anticipate, except to notice his connection with King Liwanika. At that time the king stoutly refused to hear his "words about God," wanting someone who could teach his people to make guns and powder, yet he treated him kindly, and acted on his advice to seek an alliance with Kama instead of with Lobengula, the warlike king of the Matabele. A lasting friendship was formed between King Liwanika and Mr. Arnot, so that when a few years ago the former came to this country as a guest of the nation, he was glad to welcome the visits of our brother, and in spite of many invitations kept his last evening in England free, that Mr. Arnot might spend it with him, which he did, the time being occupied in earnest conversation. Towards the close of this narrative, Mr. Arnot mentions King Liwanika's help in his latest effort to reach the Kabompo.

Passing thus from his first journey to his last, as stated on page 150, Mr. Arnot was stricken down with severe pain at the Kabompo, and was taken to Johannesburg. There he had some weeks of suffering, and as he became worse it was decided that nothing but a serious operation

could relieve him. This was performed, and all appeared to be going well till May 12th, when, his wife says, "He had a sudden attack of the heart and terrible pain. Though he became easier he steadily sank. When I told him the doctor said he was sinking, he seemed quite peaceful and happy, and told me to cable home, 'Fred at rest.' Then he said, 'Have the funeral as simple as possible,' and named those whom he wished to be invited. As his breath became slower, I quoted to him, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' He tried to say something, and nodded his head brightly. After that he went away so quietly, it was like a little child falling asleep." Thus on May 15th this toilworn traveller entered into rest at the age of 55. If his life seems to us a comparatively short one, let us remember Bonar's words—

"He liveth long who liveth well,
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain."

I cannot close this brief introduction without a few words as to some prominent features of Mr. Arnot's character.

1. He was above all things *a man of faith*. Faith characterized his whole course, and was the secret of his godliness and devotedness. How his faith was tried and stood the test the following pages will show in some measure. I say in some measure, and that a small one, for he was not one to magnify his trials, his object not being to relate what he had to endure, nor to set forth his difficulties and sufferings, but rather to show how God enabled him to overcome difficulties, guided him in perplexities, delivered him in perils, and used him to begin Gospel work in various parts, so that others might be encouraged to carry on what has been so well begun. I remember on one occasion in a large meeting of elder brethren and a few missionaries, when some were rather contending for such organization as would tend to lead

the servants of Christ away from direct and simple dependence upon God both for guidance and supplies, Mr. Arnot rose, and so spoke upon the importance and blessedness of such a path, that questions and reasonings were hushed, and the calm atmosphere of faith was restored, at least for the time. He believed, to use his own words, that "all God has been to His people in ages past, and all He has promised to be throughout eternity, *He now is to us.*"

2. He was a man of *purpose*. The Apostle Paul could say that Timothy had been a diligent follower of his life, purpose, faith, etc. Paul was a man of purpose from which nothing moved him. He did not even count his life dear if only he might finish his course, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. The same thing was true of F. S. Arnot, whose purpose was the spread of the Gospel in Africa. As soon as he saw the Gospel established in one part, his aim was to reach others. In his last letter, quoting the words of Paul, "All in Asia heard the word," his comment was, "We easily content ourselves with reaching particular places, such as Kavungu or Koni, but 'all in Africa' would mean a continuous reaching out—East, West, North, and South—ere we begin to fulfil our ministry."

3. He was a *lowly man*. Lowliness is a fruit of the Spirit, and is gained by learning of Christ. Lowliness can better be felt than described, but none who knew Mr. Arnot will question that it characterized him. He was not one to make much of himself, or to be a party to contention, which we are told comes "only by pride." No doubt his lowly mind had much to do with the regard and esteem in which he was held by the native Africans wherever he was known, and with their readiness to do anything for him. When carriers were needed, and it was difficult to obtain them, as soon as it became known that those who were needing them were friends of Mr. Arnot, the difficulty was overcome, and they obtained as many as they needed.

Much might be added, but having received the account of words spoken at the burial of Mr. Arnot, I am glad to give part of that account, feeling that it will be a valuable addition to what I have written, and will compensate for defects. I will, however, first quote a passage from the book, *How I became a Governor*, by Sir Ralph Williams, who came across him about 1884. He writes :—

“ At the great fall (the Victoria) we crawled to the very edge, and lying flat looked down into the chasm below. . . . While thus wondering we were amazed to see two white men coming towards us, who proved to be Mr. Edmund Selous, the brother of the famous hunter, and Mr. Arnot, a missionary among the Barotse and later on I think a Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. It was a strange place in which to foregather.

“ Mr. Arnot, the missionary, was a remarkable man. I met him some weeks later, and had many talks with him. He was the simplest and most earnest of men. He lived a life of great hardship under the care of the King of the Barotse and taught his children. I remember his telling me with some pride that his pupils had mastered the alphabet. I have seen many missionaries under varied circumstances, but such an absolutely forlorn man, existing on from day to day, almost homeless, without any of the appliances which make life bearable, I have never seen. He was imbued with one desire, and that was to do God service. Whether it could be best done in that way I will not here question, but he looked neither right nor left, caring nothing for himself if he could but get one to believe ; at least so he struck me. And I have honoured the recollections of him ever since as being as near his Master as anyone I ever saw.”

The above is the testimony of one who met Mr. Arnot in his earlier days ; the following is from the account of his burial, at which many were present and several took part. Room can only be found for the testimony of Mr. Ernest Baker, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Johannesburg. After speaking from the Word, he added : “ I

would like to lay three wreaths upon the grave to-day. The first is from myself. I could hardly believe my eyes this morning when I read in the obituary notice that Mr. Arnot was only 55 years of age. My mind went back twenty-five years ago to a country village in Sussex, where my father had a copy of *Garenganze*, when that book first came out. My father was captivated by it, and gave it to me. It was the first missionary work that had a place in my library. Straightway 'Fred Arnot' became one of my heroes. Just over twenty-two years ago I came to Africa, and at Wynberg I met the Hepburns, the missionaries to Kama. I found that they knew our brother, and I learned all I could of him from them. My earliest sermons in my first pastorate culled from *Garenganze* more than one illustration of the faithfulness of God, and of how He answers prayer. Then just over three years ago I met and worshipped with the brethren in Kansas City, where my uncle, C. J. Baker, known by repute to some of you, resides, and I found much interest in Arnot there. As I came from Africa, I was asked to tell all I knew of him. I discovered later from Mr. Arnot himself that my uncle had helped him and his associated missionaries with gifts in the shape of tents. Two years ago, during the missionary conference at Capetown, I was taking a cup of tea, when one, who I thought was an old man, approached me and addressed me by name. It was a couple of minutes before I found that the speaker was Arnot. I can hardly tell you the feeling of reverence that came over me as I realized I was face to face with one who had been a hero to me just as I was passing out of my teens into manhood. It was the only time I met him, and we were only together for a few minutes, but in those minutes what a vivid picture he drew of the tens of thousands of natives in Central Africa waiting for the gospel! The second wreath is from my church. I am charged by its members to speak of their debt to Mr. Arnot. My predecessor, Mr. Doke, and Mr. Arnot were kindred spirits. As you know, we are about

to take up a great missionary field in N.W. Rhodesia. The journey which Mr. Doke took to investigate that territory, and which cost him his life, was suggested by Mr. Arnot. It was he who first proposed that we should enter that sphere. Then Mr. Arnot's lectures were a great inspiration, and the missionary spirit and giving of our church have been much stimulated by them. Then, of course, we must lay a wreath from a wider field. How little the significance of his death is grasped by the community in which we live ! I do not think I exaggerate when I say that, next to Dr. Livingstone, Central Africa owes more to Mr. Arnot than to anyone else. Perhaps more on him than on anyone fell the mantle of the great pioneer of missions in this continent. To call to mind that Arnot was amongst the Barotse before the venerable Coillard settled among them, and that he had something to do with the communications which issued in Coillard's returning to Liwanika's country ; to remember that Crawford, who recently emerged from the 'long grass' after twenty-two years, and who has had such a triumphant missionary progress in Great Britain and the United States, was established in his work by Arnot ; to note on the map his great missionary journeys, the missionary sites surveyed and suggested by him ; to remember also the names of the missionaries who were piloted and directed by him ;—to call to mind these things is to see that we are to-day paying our respects to one of Africa's greatest men. Fred. Arnot was one of the gifts of the ascended Lord to a lost world. His life and work are a proof to us of the power of God, and also of the love of God to our race. Right to the last he was an inspiration. Mr. Brailsford, who is to represent Johannesburg in the Sudan, told us at his farewell meeting of the last words spoken to him the other day by Mr. Arnot. Mr. Brailsford was sympathizing with him in his illness, when he replied, 'When you have spent thirty years in the mission-field you will not mind having an illness.' Mr. Arnot paid the price, and he was quite ready to pay it. The Spirit of

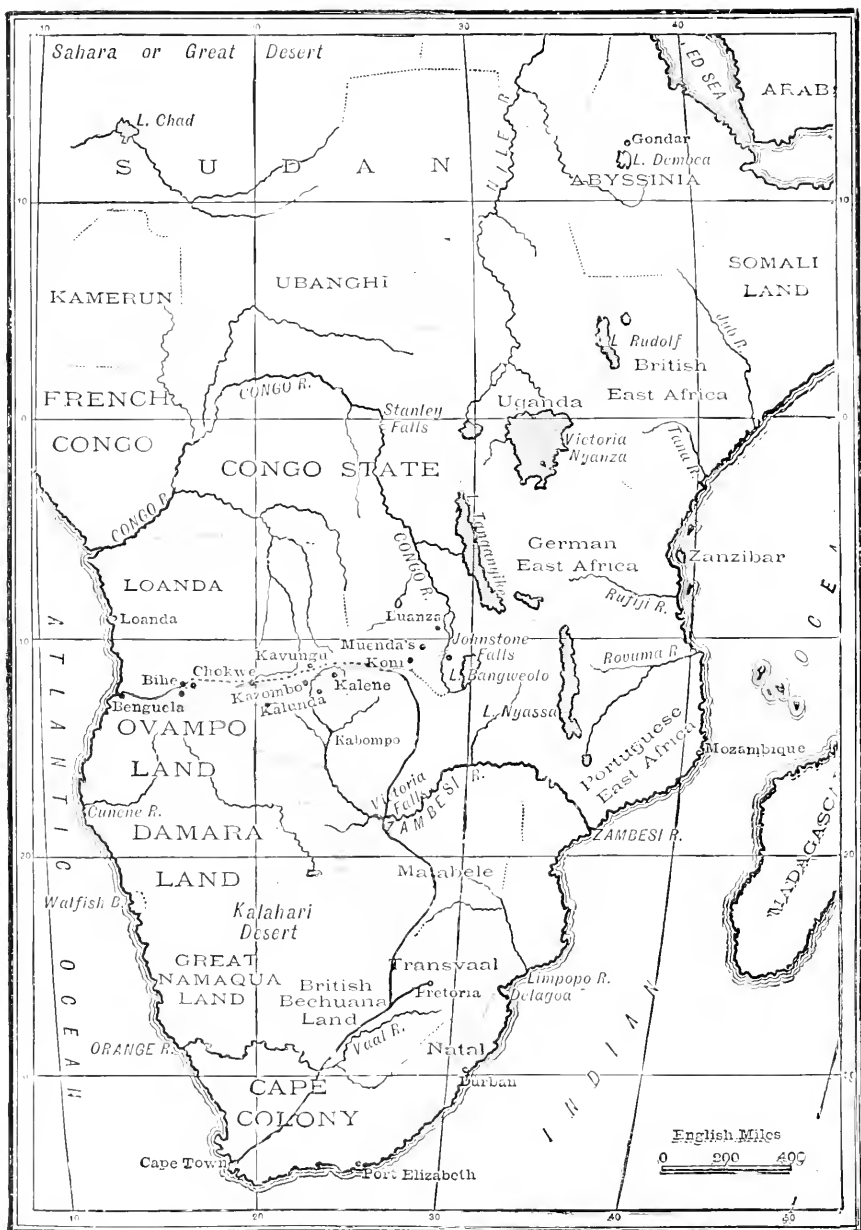
Christ was his, and this is our inspiration to-day. That Spirit is given to us all, and can empower us in our degree and spheres to fulfil the works which for us also have been 'prepared from the foundation of the world.' "

By such testimonies we learn in measure now, what we shall see more fully in "the day of Christ," how sure is the fulfilment of His word, "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honour."

W. H. BENNET,

*Yeovil,
June, 1914.*

ROUTE MAP WITH PART I.



For explanation see note on page vii.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA BY F. S. ARNOT.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

From Natal by Ox-waggon and on Foot through the
Orange Free State. The Transvaal to Kama's
Country.

SHORTLY after the close of the war of 1880-81 between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic, I left Natal with a train of bullock-waggons filled with general merchandise, bound for Potchefstroom, the old capital of the Transvaal. Day by day troops of soldiers passed us returning from the fatal Laing's Neck and Majuba Hill battle-fields.

Leaving the town of Ladysmith on our right, we made for the Van Reenan Pass, which brought us by a tortuous, painful process through the Drakensbergen up to the Orange Free State Plateau. Here a terrific storm of wind and rain kept us prisoners for three days. I had to remain wrapped in my sheep-skin *kaross*, lying under one of the waggons nearly all the time, sharing coffee and "scoff" with the waggon drivers; for the white man in charge of the convoy had ridden off to the nearest roadside tavern.

The undulating country we were now passing over made travelling easy, except for occasional deep sloughs of black mud, when the drivers had to inspan forty or more oxen to one waggon at a time.

We trekked through Harrismith and Heilbron, crossing the Vaal river and arriving at Potchefstroom on December 23rd, 1881.

Here the waggons left me in the middle of the market square and went on their way. I pitched my 6 ft. by 3 ft. patrol tent, and lit a fire of dry cow-dung on which to cook my supper. Wild-looking Boer farmers rode around, casting suspicious glances at the stranger. From my tent door I could see the marks left by the recent war in holes made in houses and public buildings by cannon balls. In the evening as I strolled around, I came across the unburied remains of horses, oxen and natives, and the deserted fort of the small British garrison that had held out against a large besieging force. It was interesting to see how the soldiers had dug themselves down into the ground ; a refuge had been provided for the one woman of the fort by digging out a subterranean cave.

After a few days camping on the market square, I found lodgings at a reasonable figure ; and from Potchefstroom as a centre I spent six weeks riding around the farms scattered over the south-western Transvaal. The farm of General Cronje was among the first I visited, and Mrs. Cronje became my faithful friend and helper, often providing me with a mounted guide, and seeing to it that I carried provisions in my saddle-bags as well as Scripture portions.

On one of these rounds I met the late General Joubert and spent the night with him, and we knelt in prayer together. One old Dutch *vrouw* would not allow me to enter her house, and madly shrieked to her two sons who were thrashing wheat on a "floor" in the valley to come to her rescue. They mounted their ponies and came riding up at a furious rate, whereupon I decided to mount my mule and take the advantage of a fair start.

While riding along to the next farm, my mule became fast in a mud-hole, so there was nothing for it but to complete the journey on foot. The night was now pitch dark, and heavy rain was falling, but the farmer gave me a hearty welcome ; he insisted on my sitting by the fire, while he and his two sons took a lamp and

made for my poor white mule in the black mud. The Boer's wife meanwhile entertained me with coffee and brown bread. On returning from this round, I struck the old Pretoria road, near where Johannesburg now stands, and followed it to Potchefstroom.

When thinking and praying over my next move onward, I remembered that I had with me a letter of introduction, procured through Mr. H. Maxwell Wright, now of Oporto, to a certain Mr. Leask, of Klerksdorp, thirty miles or so to the east of Potchefstroom. Upon riding over and presenting my letter, I met with a warm welcome, and Mr. Leask at once introduced me to Mr. F. C. Selous, the lion-hunter and traveller. He was organizing a hunting expedition to the Matabele, and kindly invited me to go with him as far as Shoshong, the town of the Christian chief Kama.

Returning as quickly as possible to Potchefstroom, I took leave of my friends there, and also of the greater part of my clothes and riding-mule too, I am sorry to say. The honest-looking old woman, whom I had entrusted with a final washing, decamped with all she could lay hands on; and the Hollander who allowed me to graze my mule in his field rode off with him to Kimberley.

Mr. Selous' route to the interior led through Lichtenberg and Zeerust. We repeatedly met small detachments of Boers bringing in cattle from the Bechuana tribes with whom they were in conflict. At one time the Bechuana, under the name of the Bakuena, were found in possession of a vast area of South Central Africa, extending from Lake Ngami on the north to Basutoland on the south, including thus the whole of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The Zulu-speaking tribes were confined to the east and south-east coast territories. The awakening of the Zulus under Chaka and the raiding of his *impies* broke the peace that had probably existed for centuries between the Bantu tribes of South Africa, who up till then had been united against the yellow-skinned Bushman.

The Bechuana tribes might have been exterminated but for the arrival of the Dutch *voor-trekkers* across the Vaal, who under Mosilikatse (or more correctly Umzila Ngazi, "trail of blood") drove the Zulus north, into what is now the Matabele country or Southern Rhodesia.

Mr. Selous was detained on the Limpopo river for some weeks, where he collected many natural history specimens; here also he had several of his famous lion adventures. Groups of Bushmen, about whom we shall have more to say later on, visited our camp.

We arrived at Shoshong on March 11th, 1882, having spent thirty-six days in travelling from Potchefstroom.

The London Missionary Society have had a station here from the days of Livingstone. Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn welcomed me, and placed one of the mission houses at my disposal.

The record of Mr. Hepburn's life work, *Twenty Years in Kama's Country*, is a most inspiring book, and might well be placed in the same category as the lives of David Brainerd and Henry Martyn. Guided largely by Hepburn, Kama withstood the advance of the drink traffic into Central Africa. But for him all the evils of the West Coast drink trade—more demoralizing than the slave trade—might have been repeated in South Central Africa.

A bright testimony to the power of prayer was also witnessed in Shoshong. During a year of drought the heathen party called for restoration of the rain-doctors to their place of honour in the tribe. "Had not the God of Kama and the Christians proved a failure?" This led to a day being set apart for prayer, and while the Christians were actually assembled in the open air, praying and weeping because of the cruel taunts of the heathen, rain fell.

I learned many lessons from Mr. Hepburn. He was a faithful man, who sought the conversion not only of the natives of the tribe to whom he was sent, but also



MODES OF TRAVEL.

of every man who passed through Shoshong, white or black.

But the season for travelling to the Zambesi was now nearly over. As a poor man I could not attempt the route *viâ* the Matabele country, where the chiefs are accustomed to big presents. Kama offered me the loan of his waggon to take me by the desert route as far as the Mababe Flats. So I bought three donkeys for the transport of my belongings beyond the Mababi, and although my outfit was small, yet at the time it seemed sufficient. One suit of clothes, one knife, fork and spoon, one plate, cup, some soap, beads, calico, wheat-meal, tea, sugar, coffee, a little powder and lead, and all packed comfortably into six sailor bolster bags that a Glasgow sailmaker made for me. But above all, after reading Ephesians v. 25-29, an overpowering sense of the sufficiency of Jesus' love so steeled every muscle and nerve of my body that I felt I could go anywhere and do anything that I believed He had called me to do—supplies or no supplies.

CHAPTER II.

The Desert and the Bushman.

WHEN on the morning of June 8th my big empty waggon trundled past the groups of huts that make up the town of Shoshong, a number of native Christians surprised me with presents of food. Even the half-caste village butcher, a silent, morose man, was standing at his door with a bundle on his back, and as he rolled it into the waggon he muttered, "These sausages are well spiced, sir; I have been up all night making them; hang them to the roof of the waggon." Indeed, nothing could have been finer or more encouraging than the way those natives seriously owned the claims that the Gospel had upon them and did their utmost to speed me on. Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn had left for home some weeks before.

June is not a good month for travelling in the Khalahari desert. The water-holes and pans begin to dry up; the "frost by night and sun by day" wither the grass. Tinka, who was placed in charge by Kama, was an experienced desert guide, but as we zigzagged about from water-hole to water-hole it seemed that we were constantly on the brink of a dire disaster. Usually the guide would report that there was only water sufficient for half of our oxen, so it was necessary to outspan a mile or so to the windward of the water-holes. Nothing could surpass the beauty of those desert nights, when for hours I would sit listening to the natives or trying to exercise the Sechuana that I had learned at Shoshong. For the first few weeks, trees, rugged hills and great dry river beds covered the country.

Then we crossed the Ntwetwe salt pans, now dry and flat and glaring. Lake Ngami overflows by the Botletle

river during the short rainy season into these flats, which act as immense evaporating pans. The Okavangu is the name of the river that flows into Lake Ngami, and it is, I think, the largest river in Africa that has—like the Jordan—no outlet to the sea.

On the Botletle river we found groups of villages scattered among the reeds, and as village work had been my one delight at home, I took the most intelligent of the waggon men with me and started off for a long day among the reeds; but we accomplished little, and returned at night with torn boots and bleeding feet. I rode a donkey next day, and we got on much better; the donkey alone caused quite a sensation. The headman of one group sent round his official crier, who called on all, “men, women, and children, to come for ‘Sunday.’” Each time he came to the last word of his sentence, he sprang three feet high, waving his hands and arms in the air. We soon had a good crowd to listen to us, the men in one group, and the women in another. The story of “The Good Shepherd,” the “wolf,” the “hireling fleeing,” etc., all pictures of African life, riveted their attention.

When we arrived at the Botletle, our oxen were lean and haggard, but a few days’ rest and feed wrought a magical change. They were soon fat and frisky and ready for the journey. It was delightful to hear the clatter of their horns again, as the men brought them up to their round yokes, each fastened by its centre to the wire rope “*trek touw*” stretched out in front of the waggon.

Crossing the Botletle we moved on slowly, finding a fair supply of water, but the trees were very close together in places and my axe was kept busy. At Toutgaru we rested for several days; our Bushman guide assured us that for ten days or so beyond we should find no water in any of the pans. My men shot the game down and feasted to their hearts’ content, loading up the waggon with dried meat. Giraffes, ostriches,

wildebest, elephants and many other species came round the water at night to drink. We spent our last day at Toutgaru cleaning and filling our water-barrels, setting aside one big keg for Kama's hunting horse that Tinka had brought with him. In the cool of the evening the oxen were inspanned, and without a word we quietly moved away into the long dry stretch that lay before us. The sand proved to be unusually heavy; the dry air and blistering sun seemed as if they would dry us all up like so many Egyptian mummies, in spite of the pint of water we allowed ourselves three times a day.

On the third day we fell in with traces of the disaster that befell the great Boer trek of 1878-79, when only a remnant of some 200 families survived. Waggon, Scotch carts, and other vehicles, ploughs, and bones of horses were scattered along the trail. On the fifth day the bones of oxen lay white around the larger trees, where the poor animals had died in scores and hundreds. Then came the graves of the *voortrekkers* themselves, young and old.

Our oxen at last showed signs of collapse, so we sent them on without the waggon. Fortunately for us a company of wandering Bushmen came along, and at our urgent request and fair offer of pay, they began to look around for signs of water. Fixing on a place where a certain bulbous root grew, the little men began with vigour to scoop out the sand with their hands until an inverted cone-shaped hollow of about nine feet deep had been made in the loose sand. Then one Bushman, who looked like the master water-finder of the company, took several lengths of reed in his hand and slid down head first to the foot of the hole. Taking one length of reed, the end of which had already been stopped up with grass to prevent the sand entering, he pushed it little by little into the ground. Then he added a second length of reed to the first, making a workman-like joint with a lump of gum. To the end of the second reed he now applied his mouth, and after sucking and blowing

for some time, looked up over his shoulder with a smile of satisfaction ; he had tasted water, he said, but we would have to wait. Six hours or so later he slid down the hole, taking with him this time a tortoise-shell, and again applying his mouth to the reed he sucked up a mouthful of water at a time, squirting it out from the corner of his mouth and filling the tortoise-shell. We all drank heartily and thankfully, and in the course of the next day he managed to fill our smaller kegs with the frothy liquid.

The oxen returned after some days' waiting, and we were soon all safe and sound at the Mababi river. Here we met with several companies of wandering Bushmen.

I lost my way one day in the desert, but when night fell I was cheered by seeing the few flickering fires of a Bushman's camp through the trees. All had gone to sleep in circular holes about the size of large cart-wheels. A small fire burned in the centre. Hearing me approach, the men sprang instantly to their feet with their weapons in their hands, but seeing that I was a friend and not a lion or a Matabele warrior, they made room for me to lie down beside one of their fires. Towards morning lions came round and disturbed the camp. A few nights before, a lion had dragged a woman off from one of the sleeping groups ; the men ran after the brute with tufts of burning grass in their hands, compelling him to drop his prey ; and now that I had come along they wanted me to dress her wounds. Before I left the neighbourhood she was able to walk about again and see to her domestic duties. At the first streak of dawn all are astir in these Bushman encampments ; even the little children scatter like wild things to gather berries, or a red tree seed for their morning's pottage. The women dig up edible roots and bring water from distant water-holes in the entrails of one of the larger animals or in ostrich eggs held together in a roughly made net bag. Tortoise-shells are used as cooking pots, unless their men folk are rich enough to buy clay pots from the Bechuana.

The men hunt big game, using a small bow and poisoned arrows. One night a hyena had the audacity to come near to some Bushmen sleeping a short distance from my waggon. They rose in an instant and were after him with their spears. It was a clear moonlight night, and we saw the hunters racing along one on each side of the savage animal, probing him with their spears and nimbly avoiding his side rushes and the snap of his powerful jaws.

Tinka taught me some Bushman phrases, and translated little missionary messages for me. But so quick-witted were they that they seemed to be more interested in the process of translating from Sechuana to Bushman language than in the elementary Gospel truths that I sought to convey.

It is not lack of intelligence that makes these little red men roving and restless, but an unsubdued love of liberty. According to Bleek, their language proves that they are more nearly related to European than to negro races.

Some months later, when I was on the Chobe river, one of these Mababi Bushmen sought me out, and sitting down at my feet he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears, his whole body shaking with grief. He at last composed himself sufficiently to tell me that the Matabele had suddenly surrounded his camp, and had killed all his people, including his wife and children, and that he alone had escaped. I sorrowed with him and invited him to remain with me, but no, that was not his intention, for early the next morning he appeared at the door of my shelter with spear and bow in hand. He knelt down clapping his hands gently and for some time by way of farewell, then rose nimbly to his feet and was off to join some other roving band of Bushman outcasts, comforting himself, no doubt, with thoughts and plans for a bloody reprisal. Tinka, I heard afterwards, had a narrow escape from the same band of Matabele from which this Bushman had suffered.

They drove off all Kama's oxen, killing the ox-herds, and tying up Tinka with thongs; but they tried in vain to catch Kama's horse as he grazed around with his head haltered to his knee. Tinka assured them that the horse was very fierce, and that if they would only undo his bonds he would catch him for them. This they did, making a big circle meanwhile around Tinka and the horse, but Kama's hunter was too smart for them. In an instant he untied the knee halter, and with the same leather thong passed a half hitch over the lower jaw of the horse, and bounding on to his back he fled from the danger circle like the wind. This incident gave rise to the report that I had been captured by the Matabele.

But to resume my journey. My three donkeys, each carrying two "sailor sacks," were now to take the place of the roomy, comfortable waggon. Setobe, a young native from Kama's town, took charge of them. I was able to employ a few Bushmen and Basubia as carriers of water and provisions, consisting of boiled millet packed in goat-skins; for we had six long days' tramp through dry desert before us, when cooking food would be out of the question.

We could not travel by night, for a low thorn-bush covered the country. Then there was no human track to follow; the guide I employed had to find his way as best he could, making use of the game tracks that abounded, I checking him with my compass in hand. At night we lay down with the sun, chewing boiled corn; at first it was quite nice and eatable, but in two or three days the corn in the sacks fermented, then turned black and stank horribly. After giving each man his ration of water, I piled under my pillow the little wooden kegs I carried the water in, so as to prevent pilfering at night, as the dry atmosphere made us all desperately thirsty.

The first glimpse of the Chobe river was a sight I shall never forget, after two such long weary months of

straining and striving after water, when nothing else in the world seemed to be of any value.

Resting under some trees, I counted thirty giraffes coming down to drink in their own peculiar way. My dog Judy was carried off by a leopard from my very side. Indeed, as we walked along the banks of the Chobe towards the Zambesi, we seemed to be passing through a great zoological garden without cages or fences. Antelopes of every kind and monkeys were constantly crossing and recrossing our path, and at night lions, leopards and hyenas prowled around. But the wild animals and their roarings gave my men no fear; they were listening intently for other sounds. The Barotse, we were told, were on the war path and were harrying the villages of the reed-dwellers.

CHAPTER III.

Canoe Travelling on the Zambesi River. The Barotse.

At last, on the 14th of August, when crossing a well-wooded range of low hills, a magnificent valley opened out before me, with the Zambesi river flowing through it. I sat down to enjoy a long look and to sing a hymn of praise. My few men passed quickly by, happy to think that their task was nearly over. Then Setobe came along, driving the three faithful donkeys before him, now well broken in after many a scene by the way, but alas! dying on their feet from the effects of the tsetse-fly bite.

At the foot of these hills, George Westbeech had built a few huts for trade purposes. Finding no one there, I decided to go to Panda-ma-tenka, which lay sixty miles to the south-east and near to the route now followed by the railway to the Victoria Falls and beyond. There I met with a Mr. Blockley and several Jesuit missionaries, connected with a powerful effort that had been set on foot to occupy the Barotse Valley. But the missionary, M. Coillard, from Basutoland, with his heroic wife, had already visited the Zambesi, and had sent messengers up to the Barotse Valley, asking permission from Liwanika to be allowed to return with a party and begin work in his country. Liwanika sent him a warm invitation. Coillard then left for South Africa and Europe in order to raise the interest of his friends and supporters in this great Upper Zambesi field.

On M. Coillard's returning from Europe to South Africa, the Gun War broke out, so that he was unable to proceed at once to the Zambesi; but, hearing that I was passing through Natal on my way to the interior,

M. Coillard wrote asking me to assure Liwanika, if I should succeed in reaching his country, that he had not forgotten his promise and hoped soon to leave Basutoland for the Barotse. It was my ambition to cross the Zambesi and reach the highlands beyond without going up the river to the Barotse capital, but Mr. Blockley assured me that this was impossible, that the only road open to anyone crossing the Zambesi was that which led to the capital. So adding this report to M. Coillard's request, I came to the conclusion that He whom I sought to serve was directing me to go to the Barotse. I accompanied Mr. Blockley in a waggon journey he was about to make to the junction of the Zambesi and Chobe rivers, as he was going there to buy corn from the natives living on the north bank. It was pleasant to be in an ox waggon again; and on August 25th I crossed the Zambesi and walked to the village of Mogumba, where I learned that all the canoes had been bespoken by the Jesuit fathers; so I decided to push on to Shesheke on foot, and with two hired men besides Setobe. We left the village in the afternoon, and, after walking ten or twelve miles, lay down under some trees growing by a clear stream of water, trusting to big fires to keep the lions off us. Tired out, however, with the long walk through grass and bush, we all fell asleep and the fires went out. But God guarded His reckless, would-be servant. For it so happened that we had lain down beside a game pit, and towards morning my men ran out and speared a huge lion that had fallen into it. There was no doubt but that I and my men had taken the place of the bait that allured this monster to his destruction.

Wearied and worn, we arrived at Shesheke in time to meet Mr. Westbeeche the trader; he explained to the chiefs that I desired to visit Liwanika. After a long, serious discussion of the whole question of missionaries and missions, these guardians of the river, and keepers of the King's High Way, decided to recommend

me to Liwanika and ask him to send canoes for me. They also provided me with two canoes and paddlers to take me down river for my belongings left at Panda-ma-tenka.

Two days' paddling brought me to the junction of the Chobe and Zambesi rivers, and from there we walked overland to the trading station, covering the seventy miles in thirty-six hours. But it was a case of "more haste less speed," for on the way back to the river I found myself lagging behind and unable to keep up with the carriers. Symptoms of a serious attack of fever set in, and there was nothing for it but to lie down on a rock-strewn plain without any shelter. Fortunately a little boy had remained behind with me, so I sent him, young as he was, through thirty miles of dangerous country to tell Mr. Blockley. He was a brave little chap, and night for him had no terrors. For two nights and a day I tossed about, suffering agonies from thirst and the blazing sun. Vultures hovered overhead by day, and a gazelle looked at me pitifully, and at night the hyena whooped at a distance. On the third day I heard the crack of Blockley's whip a long way off, and knew that my messenger had not failed me and that help had come.

For five weeks I lay at Panda-ma-tenka; then, hiring Blockley's "Scotch cart," I trekked to the Zambesi ferry. My men, I was told, had gone on to Shesheke, so I crossed the river, hoping to overtake them on foot. But the fever had left me so weak that I could not follow the path, but wandered off it, and was unable to call back my guide.

I sat down and spent the greater part of another night alone with the rocks and wild beasts. When at last I arrived at Shesheke, I lay so still that my men thought I was dead. They drew my blanket over my head, and went off to arrange with Ratau the chief, as to where to bury me. He pointed out a clump of trees—that now stand within the garden of the house of M. Coillard's

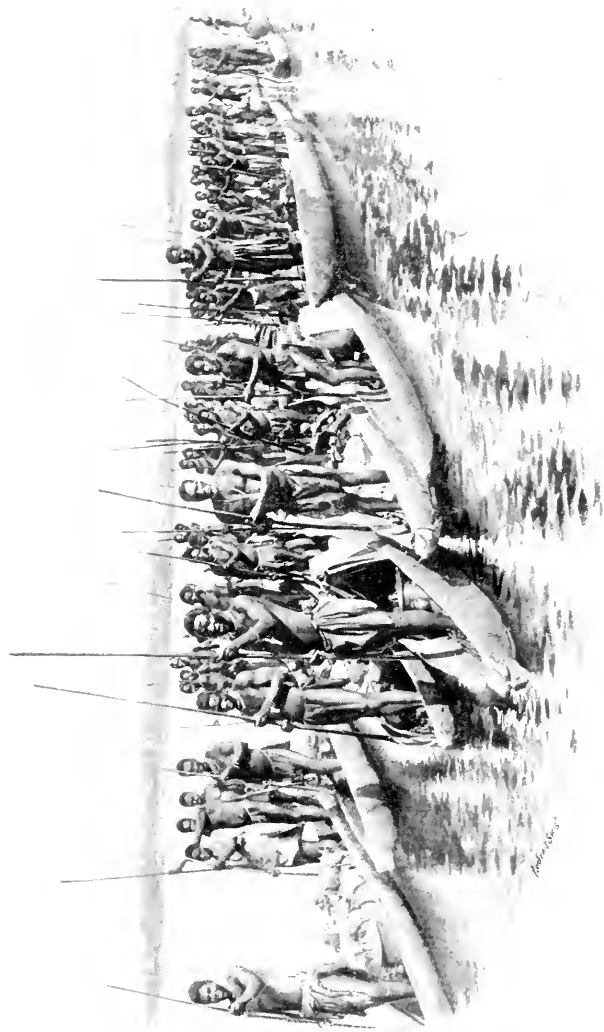
mission—and told them to dig my grave there. But I knew I was recovering, and with a plentiful supply of fresh milk I soon picked up, and was able to proceed with the canoes that Liwanika had sent for me.

For the first day the Zambesi meandered through a flat, uninteresting country, lined either with reeds and marsh or steep uninteresting banks, difficult to climb. The river itself was beautifully clear, and the sand-banks clean and inviting, covered often with swarms of wild fowl, and here and there a crocodile sunning himself.

After the second day we began to ascend a regular staircase of rapids, with enchanting stretches of smooth water between, varying from a few hundred yards to two miles or so in width, and dotted with many islands wooded to the water's edge. One evening, as my canoe rounded a sharp rock, and turned in toward a beautiful sandy beach, I saw two lions disporting themselves. The male lion, on seeing us, shook his shaggy head, and lay down with his paws outstretched. The canoe was so near to him, that I could see him opening one eye and closing the other alternately. The lioness moved off a little way, and stood guard over a clump of grass where she had probably hidden her cubs. Elephants disturbed our sleep at night with their trumpeting, and one hippo invaded my camp.

The men were able to climb the rapids by jumping into the water and handling the canoes through less boisterous side-channels. But at Nyambe the river makes a perpendicular fall of some feet, so there we had to pull the canoes overland. From this point food was very scarce, and even although I might have had strength enough to do a little hunting, these were days of small outfits, and I had no rifle. But with a native musket I lay out on the bank of the river watching for crocodiles to come to the surface with a joint of meat taken from hollow places under the river bank, which they use as larders.

We looked in vain for traces of human habitation.



BAROTSE CANOES FOLLOWING THE ROYAL BARGE.

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My boatmen tell me that the villages of the Matotela are to be found in numbers over the hills to the north-east, but that they avoid the large river ways and the constant demands of the Barotse canoemen.

One tribe of fisher folk interested me a good deal; they set fish-traps under water, bringing the fish caught to the surface from time to time, without removing the trap. I saw one youth sitting on the bow of his father's canoe, like a cormorant, and diving after big fish most successfully.

The Gonye Falls would have become famous but for the Victoria Falls, for they certainly are very fine. In passing them we had to undertake a three miles' haulage. Fortunately, Liwanika had placed a number of his people here to assist travellers to pull their canoes.*

On beginning the river journey again, all was smooth sailing; the well-wooded hills gradually bent away from both banks until we entered the Barotse Valley proper.

Herds of fat cattle browsed in the reedy swamps. At night our camps on the bare banks of the river had no shelter from the rain and wind. Again and again I and my men had our reed and grass shelters blown off over our heads, and all that we had soaked through.

*Since then Liwanika has spent hundreds of pounds in an attempt to construct a canal with locks, similar to those he saw on the Thames when he came to London twenty years later.

CHAPTER IV.

Lealui. Liwanika and Barotse Customs.

AT last, on December 19th, I arrived safely at Lealui. As the "*lukamba*," or landing place for the town, was at that season some five miles distant, we had to wait for porters from the king to carry my bundles up to the capital. Night fell, so there was nothing for it but to huddle together without fires or shelter, and wait for the morning. We were cold and hungry, and my men so cross that they were ready to fight with one another over anything. Something had to be done, and the idea struck me of starting a needle-threading competition in the dark; for in Africa the men are more interested in needles and in sewing than the women. To their great surprise I succeeded in threading the needle every time it came round to my turn; and so hour after hour passed, but they could not do it, and had to give up from sheer exhaustion without finding out the trick of holding the eye of the needle up to a bright star.

With morning light, porters arrived, and a horse from the king to take me to the reed and grass hut he had prepared. Liwanika came to greet me. I was much taken with his appearance—bright and smiling and alert. But, oh dear! my hut had been built only the day before; the ground was wet, the grass was wet through and through, and reeked; firewood was out of the question. A bush with a hollow wood stalk, that grew in the plain like the castor-oil plant, was the only firewood available. Bouts of fever laid me prostrate every third or fourth day. I could neither eat nor sleep, and to crown all my miseries I had to witness trials for witchcraft taking place daily in front of my hut, when poor wretches were compelled to plunge their hands

into boiling water five times in order to remove five stones from the pot.

One evening as I was sitting enjoying the cool evening air at my hut door, two young men came running rapidly towards me. I saw that one was bound and that the other carried a short club in his hand. When well in front of my hut, and quite on the outskirts of the town, the man with the club gave his prisoner a sharp blow on the back of the head, killing him instantly.

This was an execution, and the wild animals and vultures saw to the final disposal of the body. But the rains now continued so persistently that I had to move into a hut in the town. I had no sooner done so than a regular hurricane struck Lealui, leaving half of the thatch stripped off my hut. Then rain followed in one continuous pour for days; the flood rose rapidly; rats disputed for my few square feet of dry land night and day. As soon as the rain abated, a move had to be made; and I was glad to share a fairly large hut with two families until the king and all his people, and I with them, removed to the Mafula or summer resort of the Barotse.

This annual flitting is made the opportunity for a grand display of native African pageantry. Planks hewn from great mahogany trees are shaped and sewn together to make a barge capable of carrying the king's court intact. Here in the centre stand his seat of state and his drums; his flesh-pots are cooking over fires kindled on thick layers of clay; his principal courtiers sit all around, and forty headmen and nobles of the valley punt and paddle with long poles, not to speak of the gang of slaves vigorously baling, and three or four "ship's carpenters" going about with bundles of bark-string oakum, stopping up the innumerable leaks and longing earnestly for the dry land to appear again. Hundreds of canoes formed in battle array on either side completed the spectacle.

By this time I was on fairly good terms with Liwanika.

He and his headmen had decided to wait for M. and Madame Coillard on the one condition that I would remain with him until they arrived; this I gladly consented to do.

The history of the Upper Zambesi is interesting because of the part that Dr. Livingstone took in it. Otherwise it would be better to draw a veil over the sordid story.

When Dr. Livingstone left his station at Kolobeng, it was in response to an invitation from Sebutuana, the Makololo chief, who had come from the south with a mixed Basuto-Bechuana following, and had conquered all the tribes occupying the Zambesi river valley from the Victoria Falls to the junction of the Kabompo and the Zambesi rivers. This country was called on Livingstone's map the "Makololo Empire." Sebutuana was now not only rich in cattle, but in great quantities of ivory, and this compelled him to look for a market. He conceived the idea of employing a white man from the south to come up to his country, to open for him a trade route to the West Coast, and so sent two headmen to the south in search of some one. The first white man whom these two messengers met was Dr. Livingstone. We can understand how heartily the missionary, with the instinct of the explorer, responded to this invitation. All know that when still a poor missionary he was able to undertake costly enterprises. That these first journeys were more successful than any of his other famous journeys is also well known. To Livingstone, the steamers and the fully qualified staff of explorers with which he was encumbered on his second journey must have appeared as so much of "Saul's armour" after his own simple methods.

But Sebutuana died, his son Sekeletu suffered from leprosy, and while two claimants fought for the throne, Sepopo, a Morotse of the blood royal, who I was told was Dr. Livingstone's cook-boy at one stage of his existence, saw his opportunity, and, rallying his own and adjoining tribes together, exterminated the Makololo

men, leaving only women and girls alive. They recognized that these women belonged to a superior race, and made them their queens and head wives, instead of reducing them to slavery. So thus it has come to pass that the Sesutu—or more correctly the Sekololo—is more than ever the prevailing dialect of Bantu spoken along the Upper Zambesi. It is the *mother tongue* of the Barotse.

Sepopo chose Shesheke for his capital. In this he was largely influenced by his interest in elephant hunting, and in trading with George Westbeeck, the first South African trader to visit the Zambesi valley. But Shesheke was not Barotseland proper, and the chiefs who had followed Sepopo against the Makololo were not to be satisfied with less than the restoration of the old dynasty, with all the power, dignity and state associated in years gone by with their famous valley. Sepopo was murdered. Mwanamuina, who succeeded him, did not please them either, and he too was killed, and was succeeded by his cousin Liwanika.

I remained among the Barotse from December, 1882, until May, 1884, making one excursion down to Pandama-tenka during that time in search of letters and tidings from home. Readers will excuse my grouping incidents during this period together without any further reference to dates.

When the floods were over and all had returned to their villages in the valley, the Jesuit missionaries arrived with a large flotilla of canoes; they had lost one white brother through the upsetting of a canoe in the rapids. They asked me to interpret for them in their conversations with the king. At first all seemed to be going well towards a friendly settlement. The Hill Mongo, a site chosen by Dr. Livingstone as the best in the valley and most suitable for a mission station, was offered to them, but misunderstandings arose over the question of presents during my absence down river, that led to further misunderstandings for want of an interpreter, and when

I returned to the Barotse Valley I met the missionaries *en route* for their station at Panda-ma-tenka.

During this period Lobengula, the chief of the Matabele, sent a powerful embassy to Liwanika, bringing presents of shields and spears, and inviting Liwanika to become his "blood brother," and to join with the Matabele in resisting the invading white man.

I was able to persuade Liwanika that, apart from promises and the power of the respective chiefs, Kama was a better man to make friends with than Lobengula. Lobengula's men were treated with great hospitality and sent away with many presents, but Liwanika immediately decided to write to Kama asking for his friendship, his daughter to be Liwanika's queen, and a black hunting dog. I wrote the letter for him, and my man Setobe was the bearer of it; he was of course accompanied by several Barotse. Liwanika added a postscript to the effect that Kama was to do all in his power to help M. and Madame Coillard and party forward. It so happened that this letter arrived in time to meet the Coillards, and it is quoted by Miss Macintosh in the interesting life she has written of her uncle and aunt, M. and Madame Coillard.

One morning shortly after my arrival in the valley, Mamwia, an elderly Makololo woman, came into my hut, and sitting down asked me to tell her of "Jesus the King of Galilee" (repeating thus, as I afterwards learned, the last line of an old Sechuana hymn).

I answered her by opening the Sechuana New Testament and reading passages that I knew she must have heard read before, had she been, as I supposed, in contact with the missionaries down south. Her face lit up with delight, old memories were awakened, she crept forward and kissed my hand. Her story was that when quite a child she had lived on the Chobe river with her parents. A mission led by Mr. Price, brother-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, came to Linyanti, and little Mamwia was employed by one of the missionary ladies.



Lituanikas Royal Barge.



A Fishing Expedition
The nets are stretched right across the stream.

But the missionaries all began to die, and her mistress died, and the rest returned to the south. Then the Barotse came down and killed her father and all her people, and carried her away to their distant valley. Now thirty years had gone by, she had forgotten all that the missionaries had taught her, but a love for the Saviour to whom they had led her remained. So I learned that loyalty to a creed, appreciation of a doctrine or text of Scripture, may fade away from the mind, yet love for the person of Christ can never be erased. It will instantly assert itself and spring towards Him at the very mention of His adorable name.

Another morning, when the river was rising and the water slowly spreading itself over the plain, the king's blacksmith came splashing by my hut on his way to the tumble-down shed in town where he sharpened axes, mended guns, made fish-hooks, etc. His little pet son Kakonda rode astraddle on his shoulder. In a short time Kakonda came back with a group of playmates he had picked up, to have another look at the white man. They all sat in silent wonder while I took my breakfast. The little stranger seemed to be full of perplexing thoughts, and trying to read them I carefully watched his movements, while pretending to be looking in another direction. By skilfully creeping and nudging along the ground, Kakonda came up close to my side. He then began stroking my hand from the wrist to the tips of my fingers, and when I turned and looked at him, he asked, with eyes opening wider and wider, "Please Mr. white man, where is the river you wash in? I would like to wash in that river too."

One day Liwanika was sitting in the public court, or *khotla*, disposing of slaves that had been brought in from the Matotela and Bankoio as tribute. All the good-looking and able-bodied were soon disposed of to eager sycophants, who rushed to prostrate themselves at the king's feet in their deep gratitude. But one middle-aged woman and a little boy remained sitting alone.

I felt keenly for the woman, she looked so sad, and overcome with shame at her exposed, humiliating position. I could not help her, but on learning that the boy was not her son, I asked that he might be sent along to my hut. He was so worn and emaciated with hunger that it was with difficulty I brought him through. For weeks after he could not see food without making for it. One day I set him to clean a few potatoes, and seated myself on a chair close by to keep guard over my prospective dinner ; but, strange to say, the potatoes began to disappear. In a few minutes there were certainly fewer in the basin than when Sikaniny set out to wash and I to watch. So I determined to unravel the mystery and quietly watched every muscle of his body. I then observed that with the middle toe of his foot he was digging a hole in the sand ; when he had dug deep enough the little thief eyed me very steadily, watching for a sudden turn of my head, or a look off in another direction, to drop a potato into the hole and instantly to smooth all over with a quiet gliding movement of the foot.



KING LIWANIKA OF BAROTSELAND AT HOME.

CHAPTER V.

Reminiscences of Dr. Livingstone. Dr. Moffatt's
Good Example. Senhor Silva Porto.

MOST of the older men remembered Dr. Livingstone, and Sekuletu's sister, when she saw me on my first visit to Shesheke, called me by Livingstone's native name "Monare." This sobriquet has stuck to me ever since; and has been carried to the other tribes I have visited, who know nothing of its origin. But Europeans as a rule have to submit to an African native name being imposed upon them.

One day several of those who claimed to be friends of the "Great Doctor" were sitting round me in rather a chaffing mood. One declared that I was not equal to my "father," that they had been watching me all these months and yet I had not proved myself to be a great sorcerer and medicine-man like Livingstone. To these remarks I took exception. What was it that the "Great Doctor" did that I could not do? "Ah," one said, "he showed us the spirits of his ancestors; did we not see them walking across the shadow of the sun?" Dr. Livingstone mentions, in the account of his first journey, that he took a small magic-lantern with him, and it was to these exhibitions the people no doubt referred.

One day an old blind minstrel came singing into my yard, and, failing to attract my attention and a timely gift by his usual singsong, he changed his tune, and gave off, in a sonorous voice, a sermon on the last judgment. He told me afterwards that he had often heard Dr. Livingstone preach this sermon.

Towards the end of my stay in the Barotse I tried to conduct a small school. It had to be restricted to

the king's sons and those who were allowed to play with them. And although I had many an exciting hunt after truants, some progress was made. Litia, the heir apparent, and Sopi, now the Gumbella, or "Prime Minister," of the country, were two of my most promising scholars.

Some Bechuana hunters came to the Barotse about this time. Their home was near Kuriman, Dr. Moffat's old station; but they had been hunting elephants for years in the deserts north of Lake Ngami. One of these hunters was quite up in years; he told me that he was one of Dr. Moffat's "children," and undertook to instruct me in the great missionary's methods. Moshete (his native name) would go, he said, to the chief's councils, and when the business was over he would always stand up, book in hand, and preach vigorously. If any chief tried to stop him he never grew angry, but asked so earnestly to be allowed to go on that they always listened to him. So I became more courageous, and repeatedly tried to carry the war more earnestly into the enemy's camp. But for a long time Liwanika cleverly managed to head me off. "Had he not given me his children to teach? My words and stories were really only for children," etc. But one day he added, "Was there anything in my book suitable for a king to listen to?" This gave me a glimmer of hope of some little progress, and I assured him with emphasis, that there was more in the Bible for kings and about kings than any other class of man. "Well," he said, "if that is so, I will give you a proper hearing; come on a certain day, and I will gather all my nobles, and we will listen to the message that your book has for a king."

But now my troubles began; I could not think of a suitable message. From morning till night I thumbed my Bible without a gleam of guidance. After a quiet hour of prayer, I turned again to look for my message. The story of Nebuchadnezzar now seemed to stand out before me in golden letters. On the appointed day I

went to the *Khotla* and turned to the book of Daniel, translating in short sentences the story of the great eastern potentate. Liwanika listened intently, turning round to his nobles to see that they were listening too. At last he could not contain his delight, but burst forth with, "That is what I am going to be. I am the great Nebuchadnezzar of Central Africa." But when I came on to the downfall of the great monarch to the level of a beast having claws and eating grass, the king's countenance fell, and, refusing to wait for the rest of the history, he marched indignantly away.

Two months passed without much intercourse between us, if any; but when ill the chief dreamt that the white man had medicine that would make him better, and sent for me. As soon, however, as he was assured that there was no one near to hear what we were saying, he forgot all about his health and began to tell me how he abhorred burning witches, selling slaves, and making war on the poor tribes around, but he was helpless, he said; still, he wished to keep my "Sunday." This gave me the opportunity of beginning where I had left off in the history of Nebuchadnezzar, and of pressing home on his acceptance the unconditional gift of God's forgiveness. Troublous times, however, were awaiting Liwanika, and the shadow of a serious revolution was already upon him.

In the spring of 1884, M. Coillard arrived at Shesheke and sent a present to Liwanika, thus freeing me; at the same time Senhor Silva Porto came in from the West Coast on a trading expedition. From him I heard of the many tribes occupying West Central Africa with which he, as one of the oldest of the West Coast traders, had come in contact.

This remarkable old man landed at St. Paul de Loando as the guns from the fort were booming in honour of Queen Victoria's coronation. He was the first European to visit the Barotse Valley, and letters from him were carried by his men overland to the Portuguese Governor

of Mozambique. He had no compunction in telling me that in those early days he bought many slaves, but that now he was gradually giving them all their "papers of freedom," and that although still a trader he was a missionary like myself! Telling me of a visit he paid to a cannibal tribe down the Kassai, he said he was so shocked with what he saw that he returned to them the year after with a quantity of salt blessed by a priest, and making the people come to him at every stopping-place, he placed "holy salt" on their tongues, charging them never again to eat human flesh.

I had repeatedly asked Liwanika to allow me to proceed up the Zambesi to the tribes living north, but he would not grant my request. "These people were the dogs of the Barotse, and missionaries would not be allowed to visit them." So I decided to go west with Senhor Silva Porto.

Liwanika gave me a young ox as a parting gift. I broke him in, and he proved a most valuable riding animal.

CHAPTER VI.

I Travel Westward through the Country of the
Baluchaze.

My original diary must now tell the story of my journey to Bihé and Benguella.

May 15th.—A tedious journey through a dense, dark forest, which smelt like a dank dungeon, with moss and lichen, but no grass. Camped at Ka-kinga on the river Ninda, as the upper part of the Nyengo is called.

20th.—A wild-looking company of Bambunda hunters came to the camp; they dress their hair to imitate the horns of wild animals, and one had a stick through his nose.

21st.—Ever since leaving the Barotse valley we have been constantly ascending, so that now we are travelling through hilly country, very cold at night, with sharp touches of frost, but during the day the sun is strong. I have tried to walk barefoot, my boots being worn out, but the sand was so hot that after half an hour's hopping I had to give in, with four large blisters on my feet.

22nd.—To-day we reached the source of the Ninda, which flows from a range of hills dividing the water-flow between the Zambesi and Quando (or Chobe) rivers. Here the hills are high and thickly wooded.

23rd.—Crossed the hills and reached the source of the river Shulongo, tributary to the Kumbule, which again is tributary to the Quando river. Following the Shulongo we came to the Kumbule, a large, beautiful stream, which seemed to dance along over a bed of silver sand, so bright that it was painful to look at it. Orange, green, and other bright-coloured waterweeds were growing in abundance, and were beautifully mixed. All the rivers and little streams have the same bright appearance in

this part of the country, showing that "Afric's sunny fountains" is no mere poetic dream; but the sands are *silver*, not "golden," as in Heber's hymn. It is a pity to see such a fertile and undoubtedly healthy country so thinly peopled.

24th.—Crossed hilly country, densely wooded, and reached the river Shikoloi, running south through a valley.

25th.—Senor Porto's oxen, refusing to cross the Shikoloi river, were sent up stream to look for a ford.

26th.—There being no signs of the oxen, we started for the Kuti river, crossing four hills and three valleys.

27th.—One of the carriers, who has a familiar spirit, being asked to divine why the oxen would not cross the Shikoloi, called up the spirit of an old servant of Senhor Porto's, who said that *he* had stopped the oxen because presents had not been given to his friends after his death. *One of his friends* was amongst the company of carriers!

The events that followed bore out the diviner's theory only too truly. He should, however, have said that the friend of the aggrieved dead man was one of the ox-herds, and not merely one of the carriers. For when the lost oxen did turn up, the slaves in charge declared that when driving the unwilling cattle across the river, one of them broke away from the rest and escaped into the forest. After days of searching they found a torn piece of ox-hide which they had brought with them that their master might look at it and see with his own eyes if this was not a part of the skin of his own ox, who had doubtless been torn by a lion. The brethren of Joseph with his coat of many colours in their hands could not have presented a more doleful spectacle. Senhor Porto had been suffering sadly from ophthalmia and could not inspect the skin, and so let the matter drop. But I could see that the skin had been hacked around with a knife, and that the tooth of a wild animal had never touched it.

30th.—Deciding to visit the line of small towns

along the Kuti river belonging to the Bakuti, a people akin to the Baluchaze, I procured a canoe and paddled up the stream, stopping at all the huts and small villages. The people showed us much kindness, and said how glad they were to see an "English" for the first time. I asked them to gather together at their chief town in two days' time, and then I would speak to them.

June 1st.—In the afternoon a large company had assembled to be spoken to, all *men*; for everywhere in Africa the women are conservative and the most difficult to persuade into receiving anything new, and here they had shut themselves up in their huts. These Bakuti lived in such seclusion that they knew nothing of teachers living among other tribes, the limit of their knowledge being the West-Coast trader, his goods, his ivory and his string of slaves. Speaking through my interpreter, Antonio, I told them in the simplest language of God the Creator, of man's departure from Him, of the sending forth of God's Son as a Saviour, and of His now sending messengers throughout the world to call men back to Himself. Their close attention made me feel that the Spirit of God was blessing the word, and at the end they expressed their thanks by clapping their hands. The chief then said that they could not tell how happy they were that I had spoken in that way to them: he had believed in a great God who had made all things, but he wanted to know *that God*, that he might pray to Him.

Senhor Porto says that these people are exceptionally simple and honest; he has never known them to steal any of the goods that he has left in their charge. They live in square houses built close to the river Kuti, which forms their highway; each person possesses a boat, and, as there is a continual traffic going on, the river presents a very lively appearance. Their hair receives more dressing than their bodies; the men wear a skin before and behind from the girdle, but the women use calico for their clothing. They have blankets made of the inner bark of a large tree, beaten soft.

4th.—Many gathered at the villages, and we had a good time this morning. One man showed great interest, and said afterwards, “This day I am a child of Jesus Christ : now I will pray to God alone.” Some wished me to return to-morrow, but the chief said, “No, we shall tire the white man by bringing him so far ; we will gather together, and go to his camp.”

6th.—Had a long talk with the chief and the man who said he was a child of Jesus Christ, and told them that though I was leaving, I would, God willing, return to them. The chief replied that they would look much for my return, that they would not forget the good news brought to them, and that they would pray God to bring me back in safety. I hope that these two men have indeed drunk of that living water, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again. As yet I have not been able to fulfil my promise of returning, but should be indeed glad to do so.

12th.—Left Serpa Pinto’s road and followed the river Kuti ; passed straggling towns of Baluchaze and Bachokwe.

13th.—Started early in the morning, the main body of the carriers being behind. We passed several villages safely, the people only coming out to look at us, but when we reached one of their large towns they gathered round us, dancing, shouting, and yelling to us to stop, and swinging their weapons over our heads. Then they laid hold on some of the carriers and drove off my ox, so I ran back and kept them off the goods until Senhor Porto came up with some more men. The peppery old man, springing from his hammock, seized his gun, which made the ruffians fall back. Having recovered my ox, I started off with the boys and women carriers, while Senhor Porto and some armed men kept the Baluchaze at bay.

14th.—Reached the town of Herero. He proved as disagreeable as his people, demanding from us an ox and some tiger-skins. I sent word to Herero that I was

a man of peace, who had come from far, and that I hoped to return to them shortly.

15th.—Off to-day without further trouble, Senhor Porto having given some tiger-skins to the chief. Left the Kutu, and, crossing a high hill, descended to the river Okovangu, a rapid and deep stream, which I crossed on a frail wooden bridge, the carriers going further up to a ford. Keeping by the Okovangu for four hours, we passed Kankanga's, and then camped at the town of Kashima's daughter. I speak of "towns;" but, though the people are in considerable numbers, gathered close together under their chief, their huts are so hidden and scattered in dense wood that to a passer-by the only signs of the presence of human beings are the many well-trodden footpaths that cross one another.

Our regular camping-places are generally on the edge of a forest, where the porters can get sufficient poles to erect rude frameworks; the spaces between the poles are filled with leafy branches, and in the rainy season a rough thatch covering is added. We were busy building our camp when some Baluchaze men came, evidently bent upon mischief. Getting nothing for their impudence, they left us. In a short time, however, we saw the long grass on all sides of us on fire. All our men turned out, and beating down the flames they succeeded in stamping out the fire. We then called the men together and discovered that eight of our number were missing, so that our worst suspicions were confirmed. Robbers had set fire to the grass around our camp to distract our attention while they carried off all the stragglers they could catch. We found that two of our men had been taken some distance, but the other six were still in the neighbourhood.

Calling for volunteers, I procured from the bottom of my trunk a pistol that Mr. Westbeeche had given me, and set to cleaning and loading it. We soon had thirty smart young men ready to follow up the robbers. I lined them up, and as all claimed kinship with the stolen

men I knew that they could be relied upon. And now what about a short prayer? I fumbled with my pistol. Certainly to the African mind I knew that I could not have it both ways. So after a struggle I hastened back to my box, replaced the pistol, then in the midst of the men I knelt and humbly asked God, for Jesus' sake, to give us back the two stolen men. And so off we set. The light was just sufficient to enable us to find the trail; soon darkness fell as on we sped in silence.

After a weary ten miles' journey over the hills we came upon the Baluchaze robbers, and found them ready to fight, as they only thought we had come to recover by force the stolen men. I made every effort to get between my own men and the Baluchaze, and, as a sign of my peaceful intentions, I held up one of their native stools in front of the threatening crowd and then sat down upon it, urging them to sit down and talk with me. The old chief, seeing the younger men fall back, began to chide them for being afraid, and rushing forward he levelled his gun at me, ready to fire. By this time our Bihé men had their guns to their shoulders, but I called upon them not to fire. The young men, fearing that their old chief would bring mischief upon them if he shot me, laid hold of him, took his gun from him, and marched him off to a hut close by, in the most ignominious manner, with his hands behind his back. At last, one by one, they came near and sat down, and we talked the matter over. They said they were not angry with us, but with other white men who were their enemies, and they at last promised to bring down the two captives next day to camp. They kept their word, and the stolen men were brought back next day; presents were exchanged, and thus ended what had been to me a very trying ordeal.

21st.—At the head of the Rovangwe river some men, who remained behind with a worn-out ox, were attacked by a roving company of Baluchaze; but a few carriers, observing what had happened, laid down their

loads and ran back to their assistance, and the robbers decamped.

22nd.—Left the Okovangu valley, crossed a high range of hills, in the midst of which runs the Sinsoy river, and reached the Cuando river again (Livingstone's *Chobe*) in the afternoon. It is nearly two years since I first struck this river some distance below Linyanti, where it is broad and reedy, taking hours to cross, while here it is but eight or ten feet broad.

23rd.—As we go up the Cuando the scenery becomes more expanded and grand. The hills on each side are high and wide apart, and covered on the top with dense forest. Bright, rapid streams run down each valley. It is strange to find the streams in this part of the country full in the dry season; during the rains they are low. The hills here seem to be one mass of sand, firm though porous. They absorb the rains as they fall, and months pass before the water reaches the bed of clay underlying these sand-hills. The rivers run off this clay bed, and all through the dry season the water trickles into them from both banks and all along their courses.

24th.—Reached the head of the Cuando, which rises quietly out of a pool about fifteen feet in diameter.

Our camp was soon crowded with people, of whom there are many here. I told one of the fathers of the tribe something of my mission, and of the God whom I served. The old man ran off excitedly to bring some other old men, who greeted me with clapping of hands, and to them he retailed with great energy what I had said to him. I told them I was only journeying to get cloth wherewith to buy food, and would return soon. But my old friend wanted to know exactly when I would come back. Would I return when the corn was so high, or so high, or so high?—lifting the hand a foot or so each time.

26th.—At Kambuti. This is the first place where I have seen the domestic pig in native territory.

27th.—Reached the Kansambe river, and camped at Brutwe.

28th.—Crossed a high range of hills, and camped by the Kambimbia, flowing west ; its waters go by the Nyonga and Kuito to the Okavango river, which flows into Lake Ngami.

29th.—Crossing the Nyonga river we camped on the right hand bank of the Bembe river.

30th.—Crossed the Kuito river, leaving the Baluchaze behind us. Like all hill men, they are wild and troublesome, continually roving about. Among themselves, however, they are playful and child-like, and seem fond of one another. Many of the Bachokwe live among them, but do not wander so much from home. Some Bachokwe who had been a short distance away, and had travelled in our company, seemed to be quite overcome with joy at getting home again. Their friends were not satisfied with merely embracing them, but they caressed them in the most affectionate manner. It reminded me of the conduct of a poor Mosaroa woman, who with her husband and baby had been captured by a company of raiding Matabele. Her little boy of ten had escaped in the fray, and remained behind ; but on the way her husband was killed, and the woman, watching her opportunity, ran away from her captors. After a wearisome journey of over seventy miles through a dreary and desolate country, with her babe on her back, she returned to the place where her boy was. Taking him in her arms, with all the warmth of a true mother, she burst into tears, saying, “ Ah, my boy, you have lost your father, and you do not know how near you were to losing me ! ”

Their attachment to one another, although a beautiful feature in their character, is embarrassing at times to strangers ; for, on seeking to strike a bargain with one Chokwe, you find you have a dozen to deal with. The same thing happens when one thinks he is injured, be he young or old. A cry is raised, and all come to the rescue. In this way I have seen the most serious disturbances arise out of the merest trifle.

CHAPTER VII.

Diviners and their Ways.

THE tribes we have passed through seem to have one common religion, if it can be called by that name. They say there is one great spirit, who rules over all the other spirits ; but they worship and sacrifice to the spirits of ancestors, so far as I can learn, and have a mass of fetish medicines and enchantments. The hunter takes one kind of charm with him, the warrior another. For divining they have a basket filled with bones, teeth, finger-nails, claws, seeds, stones, and such articles, which are rattled by the diviner till the spirit comes and speaks to him by the movement of these things. When the spirit is reluctant to be brought up, a solemn dirge is chanted by the people. All is attention while the diviner utters a string of short sentences in different tones, which are repeated after him by the audience.

These professional diviners are no doubt smart fellows, arch-rogues though they be. The secret of their art lies in their constant repetition of every possibility in connection with the disaster they are called upon to explain, until they finally hit upon that which is in the minds of their clients. As the people sit around and repeat the words of the diviner, it is easy for him to detect in their tone of voice, or to read in their faces, the suspected source of the calamity. A man I knew had a favourite dog, which was attacked one night by a leopard, but succeeded in escaping with one of its eyes torn out. To ascertain the reason of this calamity the owner sent across the valley to call one of these diviners. When the man arrived he was told that a disaster had befallen my acquaintance, and was asked to find out by divination

what it was. Beginning in the morning, he enquired respecting the man's family, without mentioning their names. All the members of the family and their connections, male and female, young and old, at home or absent, were carefully gone over. Not getting any clue, he left the relatives, and came to the oxen, questioning the spirit concerning them; but still receiving no reply through the fragments which he continually shook in his basket, he next enquired about the goats. That was not satisfactory, and at last he thought of the dog. In the faces and tone of voice of his audience it was not difficult to discern that he was "getting warm." He then asked if the dog was dead; then if it was stolen; then if it was wounded. Slyly reading the response in their countenances, he said, "Yes, it is wounded." Following up the trail, he touched upon all remaining possibilities, his audience mechanically repeating his questions, till at last he demanded of the spirit, "Was it a leopard that wounded the dog?" All the company roused up as they echoed, "Was it a leopard?" while they cast a knowing look of satisfaction at one another. "Yes," the diviner replied, "it was a leopard." Then all present shouted, "*It was a leopard.*" But that was not enough. The cause of the disaster had to be traced still further back. What demon so possessed this particular leopard that it should attack the dog of this wealthy man? So other questions had to be asked, and the same process was continued. At last, towards evening, the diviner arrived at the same conclusion that the owner of the dog had come to early that morning on hearing of the accident; namely, that the spirit of the father of one of his wives had been grieved at the man's long absence from home and family, and had employed the leopard to tear the dog's eye as a gentle hint that it was time he should be returning to his own village.

July 2nd, 1884.—Following the course of the Onda river, we passed through a fine open country, crossing a running

stream of water every half-hour, some large, some small, but all running rapidly. During the dry season the whole country could be put under water by irrigation. Why it should be almost entirely deserted by the Bakimbanda I cannot say.

3rd.—Camped by the Letot river. Here a trouble, which had been brewing for a long time among the porters, broke out. We were now nearing Bihé, and one of the men insisted that another who owed him something should pay his debt before they entered their own country. The other refused to acknowledge his indebtedness, and hot words led to blows. Seizing his gun, already loaded, the debtor pulled the trigger twice while aiming at the other's breast, but being only a flint-lock it missed fire on both occasions. The debtor in self-defence rushed on his assailant with a club, and compelled him to drop his gun by breaking two of his fingers. The injured man then seized his knife from his belt, rushed at the man he had failed to shoot, and stabbed him, the knife entering rather deeply into the abdomen. By this time the men in camp had come to the rescue, and prevented further mischief by separating the antagonists.

4th.—Spent four hours in crossing the Quanza river ; and such a hubbub ! Senhor Porto's men rushing into the water to get their own loads into the canoes, while I stood up to my waist in water with a big stick, to prevent the men from overloading them. Ultimately all got over safely, and camped at Yapepa, close by the Kukema river.

5th.—Another canoe crossing and a long day's journey ; lodged at Chikoma's town, the same who found Cameron far in the interior in very destitute circumstances.

I am now in Bihé territory, and mark a decided change for the better in the outward appearance of things. Every one is well dressed ; the men wear hats and coats and a rather long cloth kilt ; the women wrap themselves in cotton cloth from the armpits downwards, bright,

grotesque patterns being the rage amongst them. Their houses are square and well built, with hinged doors and iron locks ; all, of course, in imitation of the Portuguese. Their gardens are large, well tilled and neatly furrowed, quite like our fields at home. But they are sadly given to drink and immorality, it being an undeniable fact that those tribes which live near Europeans, and imitate them, are more depraved in their manners than the tribes of the interior.

14th.—We safely reached Belmonte, Senhor Porto's residence, and he kindly invited me to stay with him. To-day we went to see Njamba-yamina, the king of these parts, a man about sixty years of age, who looks all fat and good-humour ; he is lodged in the centre of a large town, quite a city. Senhor Porto said that we were fortunate in finding him sober.

16th.—Bad news has come from Bailundu, seventy miles to the west of Bihé, to the effect that the American missionaries have been robbed and turned out of house and home.

19th.—Men who were sent to Bailundu informed us, on their return, that they found the missionaries' houses in the hands of the natives, but what had become of the missionaries they could not tell. The mission station was opened by Mr. W. W. Bagster, grandson of the Bagster of Bible fame, and Mr. W. H. Sanders, the son of a Ceylon missionary, supported by the American Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. Bagster did not survive the arduous task involved in the pioneer stage of the work. He died leaving Mr. Sanders in charge. An evil-disposed trader and rum distiller from the coast succeeded in poisoning the native mind against the strangers, so that the eight missionaries in charge had to leave their houses and flee, with only a few school children to carry food for them.

Senhor Porto procured a few porters for me, and I hastened to Bailundu. The comfortable mission houses and stores were in ruins—here a pile of valuable books

had been thrown out in a heap, there the contents of the drug store lay piled up, giving off strange odours. The only chief I could appeal to was in his war camp four days to the north, so I continued my journey, finding at every village some traces of the plundered mission station. Ekwikwi, the chief of the Bailundu, received me with a good deal of surprise and misgiving. My visit, I am thankful to say, ended in his sending one of his headmen and fifty carriers to bring back the missionaries. So I returned to the village of Chikulu, which adjoined the mission station, there to await events.

In Chikulu's yard there was a small roughly-cut image, which, I was told, represented the spirit of a forefather of his. One day a man and woman came in and rushed up to this image, dancing, howling, and foaming at the mouth, apparently mad. A group gathered round and declared that the spirit of Chikulu's forefather had taken possession of this man and woman, and was about to speak through them. At last the "demon" began to grunt and groan out to poor Chikulu, who was down on his knees, that he must hold a hunt, the proceeds of which were to be given to the people of his town, must kill an ox, provide so many large pots of beer, and proclaim a grand feast and dance. Furthermore, all this was to be done quickly. The poor old man was thoroughly taken in, and in two days' time the hunt was organized.

Thus I find, as amongst the Barotse, that divining and prophesying, with other religious and superstitious means, are resorted to, in order to secure private ends, and to offer sacrifice to the one common god—the belly.

At another time a man came to Senhor Porto's to buy an ox. He said that some time ago he had killed a relation by witchcraft to possess himself of some of his riches, and that now he must sacrifice an ox to the dead man's spirit, which was troubling him. This killing by witchcraft is a thing most sincerely believed in; and on hearing this man's cold-blooded confession of what

was at least the intent of his heart, it made me understand why the Barotse put such demons into the fire.

Among the Ovimbundu, old and renowned witches are thrown into some river, though almost every man will confess that he practises witchcraft to avenge himself of wrong done, and to punish his enemies. One common process is to boil together certain fruits and roots, with which the wizard daubs his body, in order to enlist the aid of the demons, and the decoction is then thrown in the direction of the victim, or laid in his path, that he may be brought under the bewitching spell.

These West African trading tribes have not that attachment to other members of their own tribe which is seen among the Zulu, the Bechuana, and even the Zambesi natives, where each man is his neighbour's brother. Here they live to bite and devour one another. The most trivial mistake or breach of etiquette is a crime, and has to be paid for dearly. A man who accidentally knocked over a small pot of fat was fined thirty shillings' worth of beeswax. A stranger passing through the country is liable to be entrapped into paying heavy fines. If a slave steals, say a few ears of corn out of a garden, he is seized, and, if not redeemed by his master's paying large compensation, he is at once sold.

Death is surrounded by many strange and absurd superstitions. It is considered essential that a man should die in his own country, if not in his own town. On the way to Bailundu, shortly after leaving Bihé territory, I met some men running at great speed, carrying a sick man tied to a pole, in order that he might die in his own country. I tried to stop them, but they were running as fast as their burden would allow them down a steep rocky hill. By the sick man's convulsive movements I could see that he was in great pain, perhaps in his death throes, hence the great haste.

When a man dies at home his body is placed on a rude table, and his friends meet for days round the corpse,

drinking, eating, shouting and singing, until the body begins actually to fall to pieces. Then it is tied in a faggot of poles and carried on men's shoulders up and down some open space, followed by doctors and drummers. The doctors demand of the dead man the cause of his death, whether by poison or witchcraft, and if by the latter, who was the witch? Most of the deaths I have known of in negro-land were from pulmonary diseases, but all were set down to witchcraft. The jerking of the bier to and fro, causing the men bearing it to stumble hither and thither, is taken as the dead man's answer; thus, as in the case of spirit-rapping at home, the reply is spelled out. The result of this enquiry is implicitly believed in, and, if the case demands it, the witch is drowned.

The people have a great fear of death; they do not look upon it as a certainty and the natural end of life—at least, to say so in conversation gives offence. They would fain believe that death is a mishap, an evil brought about by fetish agencies, but for which man would be immortal. Consequently, all their so-called religious observances and charms are meant to counteract the influence of these *evil* fetishes by other fetishes. Before starting on a journey a man will spend perhaps a fortnight in preparing charms to overcome evils by the way, and to enable him to destroy his enemies. If he be a trader, he desires to find favour in the eyes of chiefs and a liberal price for his goods.

As there is no limit to a man's fears, superstitions, avarice, or hatred of his enemies, so there is no limit to the number of his charms, and at the end of his journey he finds himself loaded with such things, sewn into belts and hung in little horns round his neck.

As to the articles used in the composition of charms, I may say that everything under the sun is used. I have been told here that they can turn the hills into water with some of them, can make an ox impervious to bullet or spear, can create a living lion out of the

skin of a dead one, and can bring death or sickness upon anyone.

Many half-castes and Portuguese believe strongly in the charms of the Ovimbundu tribes ; but on questioning them closely as to certain of the mysterious things alleged to be done, I always find that the thing has happened in the night-time, and that the fetish doctors will not “cast” their charms or work miracles at any other time. How close the connection between spiritual and literal darkness !

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sanders. Benguella, and
back to Bihé.

THE arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders brought my study of Ovimbundu superstitions to a close. I was so glad to see them that it did not dawn upon me for some time that my clothes were hardly respectable. An old coat of Senhor Porto's buttoned up to my neck betrayed the fact that I had not a shirt to my back. Just then a young native came bouncing along with a flowing white shirt on his back that Mrs. Sanders recognized as part of their stolen belongings, and it was a clear case of "stand and deliver." The shirt came over his head and through a bath of soap-suds and on to my back ere the sun set that day.

From Bailundu I moved on towards the West Coast, hoping that Senhor Silva Porto would overtake me and introduce me to the Portuguese at Benguella, from whom I wished to purchase supplies for my return journey. When within forty miles or so of my destination I was laid down with an acute attack of dysentery. Fortunately Senhor Porto came along just then. He engaged twenty hammock carriers and packed me off to Benguella. My men carried me all that night down through a series of steep passes strewn with boulders.

Leopards kept up a constant barking roar. When morning broke we had reached a river, into which I was glad to roll myself, and with the cold water flowing over my fevered body I went off into a sound sleep for several hours. On resuming the journey again I knew I was better, and as the sun grew round and red we came in sight of the sea.

And now I have to pass over months of waiting and

uncertainty, during which time I made two journeys between Benguella and Bailundu. It was not until June 2nd, 1885, that I was able to leave the coast again with supplies sufficient for a long journey into the interior. Armies, they say, travel on their stomachs, and this is true of missionaries too. One has often had enough and to spare for daily bread. But I have often had the healthful exercise of waiting long for means to carry out schemes and enterprises that seemed unwise and foolhardy to one's best friends and helpers at home.

The captain of a passing British gunboat kindly sent me the ship's sailmaker and carpenter on shore to help me. The one put me in the way of making a tent, and the other made some boxes for me that were most useful. The few Portuguese friends I had made were certainly very kind, and one merchant gave me trade calico at lowest possible prices. Only one man tried to shoot me—the man that had tried to expel the American missionaries. I was discreet enough to make a long night journey to escape a hired assassin. A Portuguese arrested me for distributing tracts in the public square, but he let me off when I assured him that the priest did not object. Indeed, these Portuguese priests were a very easy-going set.

The remarkable configuration of the African continent as a whole is now pretty well understood, the comparison of its shape to that of an inverted dish conveying a very good idea of it. The flat coast, corresponding to the lip of the dish, varies in width on different parts of the coast. Near Benguella this low-lying lip is comparatively narrow, and the coast there is consequently not so unhealthy as where there is a great extent of lowland.

The traveller from the level, sandy road between Benguella and Catumbella soon passes to rough and rocky mountain paths. Near to the coast these hills are dry and desert, and fit country for the scape-goat to be turned loose in; but further on much beautiful tropical vegetation is found in the valleys.

From the Esupwa, through which the Catumbella river flows, water is found all the way at convenient stages, and travelling becomes a pleasure. "The loads are re-arranged, water gourds filled, and the caravan now files up the mountain side through a wild and beautiful cañon. Late in the afternoon a camp is reached not far from the base of Mount Losingi. As the water here is bad, the traveller may rejoice if the men have not used up his supply brought from the river below. With the morning light the men file out of camp with their loads, begin the remaining climb to the top of this range, and descend into the valley of the Kuvali, in Chisanje.

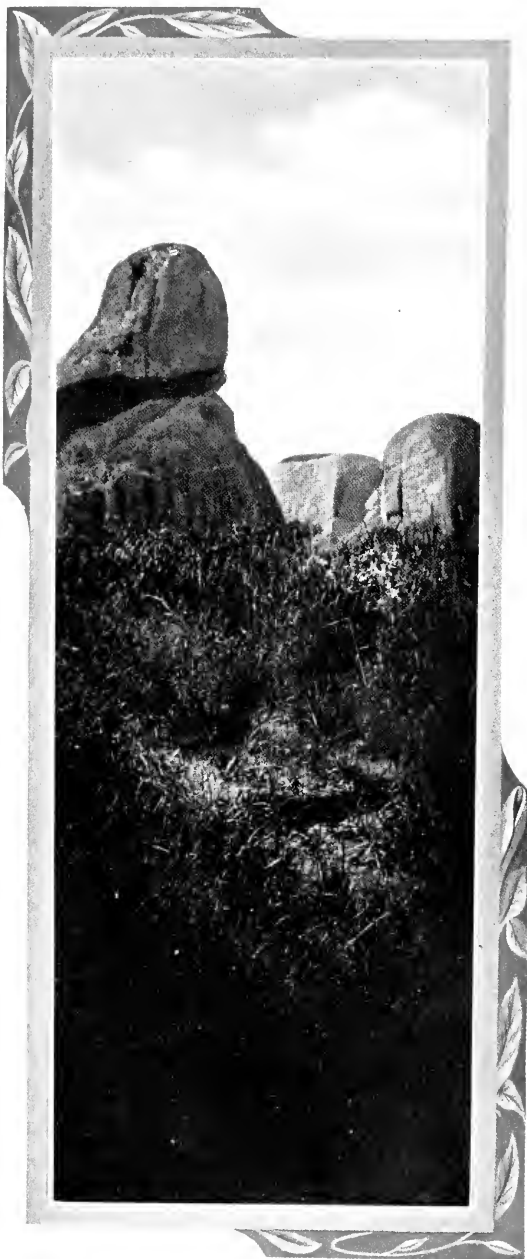
Here for the first time we meet signs of human habitations. At the market-place by the roadside we buy bananas and such vegetables as we can find. The men exchange needles, cloth, salt and gunpowder, for meal, native beer and meat. The excitement and gesticulations at one of these roadside markets would be worthy of Wall Street.

On the morrow, crossing the Kuvali twice, the way leads through the most tropical portion of our journey, the path passing for some distance along the river banks under an archway of hanging vines and creepers. Beyond this, on each side of the road, mountains of solid rock, like huge boulders, rise a thousand feet above us. As we come to the next climb we pass out of the tropics. We can almost see the line of demarcation, where we leave the baobab and other tropical trees, and meet the familiar foliage of the temperate zone. Reaching the top of these hills we camp near Olombinga, a mountain that rises far above us and forms twin peaks, giving it the name of "The Horns." From Chisanje to Ngaliatena the land near the road is not inhabited, as far as we can learn. From Olombinga to Senhor Coimbra's the road passes over much level ground, there being only a slight rise between the two places. At the Bailombo river the crossing in the wet season is usually made by a bridge,

at which there is a scene of wildest confusion ; for the bridge-men take toll, and each one tries to get over with his friends. Some miles beyond we pass the residence of Senhor Coimbra, who so kindly cared for the missionaries when they were driven out of Bailundu, and enter camp a few miles beyond his place. As the climb over Mount Elonga is a long and hard one, the men are up and off betimes. On this march we pass some rugged places, and climb over two thousand feet to cross the lowest spur of Elonga.

The journey from this place to Bailundu is a most beautiful one, the mountains rising on every side and giving great beauty and variety to the picture. (On our first journey inland, as we passed through the gap in the mountains of Humbi, the carriers joyfully pointed us to a little round mountain far in the distance, which they said was the capital of their country.) By two hard marches, in which we pass down into the beautiful valley in which Bailundu lies, and from which the Keve rises, we reach the mission village, south-east of the *ombala* of king Ekwikwi. The valley stretches on beyond, almost to Chikuma, to which place there is a rise of four or five hundred feet. Beyond that there is only a slight rise to Chipongi, the capital of Bihé.

¶ The road to Bihé takes us through some of the most thickly populated places I have seen in Africa, with villages on every side. When Bailundu is left, we enter a most interesting section in regard to the waterways. We have left the feeders of the Keve running north-west to the ocean, and within less than ten miles of these, to the south, rise the headwaters of the Kunene. This, running south-west, empties into the ocean several hundred miles south of the mouth of the Keve. A few miles to the east we reach the feeders of the Kutato, which, running north, enters the Quanza." Less than ten miles beyond the Mbalé we reach the Kuchi, which runs south-east into the Okavangu, our old friend of the Kalahari desert. Hardly five miles further, brooks are



THE BLACK ROCKS OF PUNGO NDONGO.

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crossed that feed the Kukema, which, after making a long detour to the south-east, turns north-east and flows into the Quanza, which empties its waters into the ocean far to the north-west.

By the 27th of August I was in Belmonte, Bihé, again, but without the help of Senhor Porto, as he had gone to Lisbon shortly after our arrival at Benguella. He had left a house in his village for me, which he asked me to look upon as my own.

I visited the old chief Njamba-yamina, giving him quite a respectable present and hoping that he would allow me to collect carriers in his country. But as days and weeks passed by I saw that, far from helping me, he was doing all he could to prevent my going eastward except along the path that led to the Barotse. And my hope was to avoid the Barotse power by keeping to the north of the Zambesi sources altogether. So sitting down beside this stone wall built across my path, I gave myself up to the study and practice of patience, patience, patience, the threefold advice given me by old Dr. Moffat as I left London. Quite unexpectedly, when things looked their darkest, the whole country was called to war to defend the southern frontier. The men streamed past Belmonte from the villages to the north daily. At the same time I, too, began to make a move towards the north-east. I had three men by me that I could count upon—Dick, my Barotse lad, Jombo, a runaway slave, and Kasoma, from Kuanjulula, a district that I afterwards moved to as our base station instead of Belmonte.

CHAPTER IX.

A Trying Beginning to a Long Journey.

WITH the help of a few women and stragglers I crossed the Kuito river and camped by the side of a small stream, only three miles from my starting-place. Yet it was a start, and I was satisfied. Two men, however, seemed determined to stick by me—Kasoma and Jombo.

I piled the loads up as they were brought along, and paid the motley crowd a yard of cloth each for their assistance; set up my little tent, and sat down with a feeling of intense satisfaction at getting even such a start. Dick was with me, in the best of spirits, cooking some antelope flesh for my supper. My dog Bennie was told off to watch the loads, and Kasoma and Jombo built a shelter for themselves close by.

Oct. 11th.—Sent off messengers in all directions to call for carriers. Was willing to accept offers for one day's journey, if they would come.

13th.—Had prospect of getting another start this morning. After a hasty cup of coffee, by way of breakfast, I took down my tent and bundled it up. Those who had promised to come for loads were very dilatory, and it was towards mid-day before we began to get the loads out of camp. Sending some on ahead in charge of Kasoma, I told him to camp at a place called Nyani, some four miles off, and I remained behind, as there were still a few loads for which there were no carriers.

In the evening I was able to overtake Kasoma and the others, and in the dark paid off all the day-workers, piled my loads, threw a sheet of waterproof canvas over them, but had barely got under cover myself when a heavy storm came on, threatening

to drive everything before it. The carriers were off to their villages close by for shelter, and I was left alone in the damp and darkness, holding on grimly to the flapping canvas of my tent. At last the storm abated somewhat, and I secured a few hours' sleep before morning.

14th.—Marched a few miles in the same hand-to-mouth fashion, Kasoma and a few other men returning to Nyani for loads left there.

15th.—Reached Kapoko's capital, which is situated on the eastern limit of the Bihé plateau. The valley of the Kukema and Quanza rivers lies at our feet, while the great interior plain extends like an ocean beyond. It woke in my mind a thousand thoughts concerning unknown countries yet to be traversed.

It is not always good for us to see too far ahead ; our capacities are small. When I lost the view of the great broad ocean, as I crossed the Benguella hills, I breathed a deep-down farewell. But here was an ocean of land and silence before me, and my heart had well-nigh failed had I not remembered that "God was there," and felt strengthened in Him, so that I was ready to say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." "BEHOLD, THOU ART THERE !" (Psalm cxxxix.) "Thou," whose I am, and whom I serve, *my* God, "Thou art there ;" and at Thy bidding I can go, "for Thou art there."

It is the bidding of God, Christ must be preached in these far-off lands ; I give myself to Him for His work. I know He accepts me for Africa, so that whether I live or die the purposes which He hath for this country will be served thereby.

The true living spring of all our work must be, that "we have *known* and *believed* the love that God hath to us." Who shall speak of love, or who shall declare the sweetness of it ? In the Epistle to the Romans the Holy Spirit is not spoken of until the fifth chapter is reached, and then in connection with *love*—"Because the

love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

In the evening I visited Kapoko. His town is large and very clean. The chief, however, could not see me, as he was mourning the death of a child. I left a present of calico for him, and returned to camp. A little later in the evening three of his headmen came to me with a story of great trouble: my present was too small. "I surely thought," they said, "that Kapoko was a very small man, seeing I had sent him so small a present." And with that twenty young men in war-paint came, picked up my boxes and bales, and going off a few yards laid them down again until the talk with the old men was finished. I assured them of the mistake they were making, saying that "I had great respect for Kapoko; I knew that he was a great man, and that the size of my present spoke only of *my* smallness, and not at all of his. Had I been a man in Kapoko's position among white men I would have given him bales of cloth instead of yards. The frowning faces of these three old men dropped a little, but there was no reply. They seemed rather puzzled at my serious denial of their charge; but some of the younger men sitting behind, after vainly trying to suppress their emotion, burst into laughter, which was the signal for a general hearty laugh. My boxes and bales were brought back, and they left me to report matters to Kapoko.

16th.—My last night's visitors came back this morning, saying that Kapoko would give me nothing less than an ox, and that he had sent to the Quanza to procure one for me from one of his villages, and it would arrive on the morrow. I told them that I was very hungry, and that a sheep would be worth more to me to-day than an ox to-morrow. In the end a fat sheep was sent to my camp, after which Kapoko came himself to visit me. They carried him in a palanquin. He is a very old and frail man. In a few days the ox came along as well as the sheep, and we disposed of both.

Humanly speaking, this diplomatic victory was due to the inability of those young men to control their risible faculties.

Here I again made what proved to be an almost futile effort to collect carriers.

After mustering a few in the usual laborious way, I left Kapoko's capital for the Cisamba river, **October 23rd.** Here I met with Cinyama, an old man of some little importance among his own people. He was suffering from some malady, a cure for which he was told was to be had in the Garenganze country, where I proposed to go. Consequently he was very anxious that I should engage him. A messenger came from a small chief on the borders of the Bihé country, warning my few men on no account to go with me, that I had come from the east coast and was going there again (implying that they would never return); and with other words he succeeded so well in his object that all my men asked for the yard of cloth that I owed them for carrying my goods from Kapoko's town, and left me.

After consulting with Cinyama I decided that it was of no use hoping to employ men for the entire journey, but must go on from day to day as I had been doing, so long as I had any calico left to pay them. In this way I managed to cross the Quanza river, leaving Cinyama behind to bring on any stragglers. In a few days, to my surprise and delight, he came along with twenty strong young men prepared to go with me to the Garenganze. They were deserters from the king's war camp, and were now anxious to get as far away as possible from their chief.

CHAPTER X.

Off at Last to the Unknown Interior. Bachokwe Greed and Insolence.

SEVERAL small native trading companies wished to join my caravan, so we spent a day organizing the expedition, giving to each group their place in camp, and arranging that as far as possible all should take up the same positions at every fresh camping-place. One carrier was set aside to carry the tribute money, to which load all had to subscribe before being allowed to join our company. Then the British flag (sent to me by H.M. Consul at Loando) was unfurled on a long palm rib carried by the leading man, and so off we went, I bringing up the rear with my ox laden with about 120 lb. of trade salt.

Little acts of insubordination, pilferings from the people whose country we were passing through, etc., called for some sort of judicial tribunal. I did not think it right to take the law too much into my own hands, so selected a few of the older men to sit with me every evening to listen to all complaints, to discuss the next day's journey and probable camping-places, and to try any delinquents. If a punishment was necessary I seldom failed to secure a verdict from my jury. As I always imposed a small fine, and with the calico usually bought a goat or small pig for the jury by way of reward, I seldom had to punish a man a second time. It was amusing to see the criminal himself joining heartily in the feast forcibly provided at his expense.

The Baluimbe tribe live along the Quanza valley, so we were now passing through their country. Their villages are few, and but for their distinguishing head-dress they might be passed by. Cowrie shells were used

in great profusion in outlining avenues and terraces round the sides and over the tops of their heads. Then the Baluimbe seem to be more industrious than their neighbours in other ways; whole families, men, women and children, may be seen returning from the fields in the evening. The art, too, of spinning and weaving cotton shawls, that has died out all over central Africa, survived among the Baluimbe until comparatively recent years.

The country of the Bachokwe comes next. They too seem to be in many ways a people by themselves. At one time they were given to hunting big game. Now the men are devoted to hunting for bees-wax and rubber, and to robbing passing travellers.

The daily programme, in travelling through a country like this, is much as follows: By break of day all in camp are astir. African porters require no breakfast in the morning. They get up from their camp fires, wash their hands and face with a little water placed by their side the night before, buckle on their belts, shoulder their 60 lb. bale of cloth, bag of beads, or box, and with flint-lock musket in hand, trot off. Someone begins a solo in a high key, all joining in the chorus. Very little regard is paid to waiting for orders; all that must be settled the night before. It is enough if they understand that they are to march next day, and every one hastens to get well along the trail in the cool of the morning. Dick has always a cup of black coffee ready for me, and a mouthful of food (left perhaps from the previous night's supper), which I take by way of breakfast while struggling into my boots. My bedding is rolled up by the man who carries it, and who is usually importunate and impatient to be off. In the roll which contains my bedding I generally have an overcoat, spare clothing, a few pieces of calico, and other things which one may need during a day's journey. The tent is pulled down and bundled up in the most unceremonious fashion. A few of the *sekulus* of the party, who are

hanging over the camp-fire for a final whiff of the common pipe, passed round from one to another, are the last to follow the caravan, which by this time has probably crossed a little stream in the hollow, and is disappearing in the forest on the other side. These men act as a sort of rearguard, helping any who may have to drop out to tie up their loads again, and also protecting them from robbers.

One or two halts are made by the way, and much difficulty is encountered in crossing rivers, but all press on bravely for the next camping-place, which is generally reached by eleven or twelve o'clock in the day.

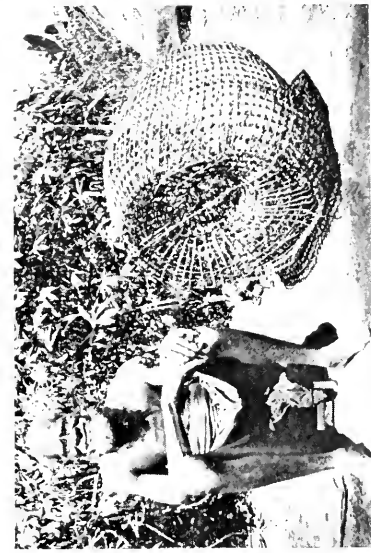
Some of the more knowing of the party are then told off to scour the country in search of food, while others busy themselves in making their shelters as snug and comfortable as possible. Towards evening those who have gone off to purchase food will return, laden, perhaps, with bunches of Indian-corn heads, carried on sticks across their shoulders, and baskets filled with sweet potatoes, etc. The Ovimbundu carrier, however, depends for food chiefly upon beans and a thick porridge made from maize meal. Of the latter he is able to eat an immense quantity, and of its nourishing qualities there can be no question; for such a man seldom takes more than one good meal in the twenty-four hours, during which he is able to make a long and arduous journey, heavily laden with the white man's goods.

November 16th.—Crossed to-day another interesting “divide.” In the early morning we left the Kutia, flowing N.W. towards the Quanza. An hour and a half later we reached the head of the Monyañgwe, running N.E. to the Kassai, which flows into the Congo. Another hour and a half's journey and the head of the Elume was reached; this river flows S.E. to the Zambesi. All the way we encountered very heavy, drenching rains.

17th.—To-day we travelled but a short distance, and halted to open bales and dry our goods wetted with yesterday's rain.



CARRIERS PREPARING A SHELTER.



AN OLD FISHERMAN.



WEMBA HUT BUILDING.



GRAVES OF THE LATE MR. AND MRS. GEORGE.

18th.—Marched for eight hours ; compelled to press on for want of food.

19th.—Late this afternoon we reached a few cultivated fields. It was a refreshing sight, telling us that a trying portion of our long journey was over.

20th.—Reached Peho, a place marked on maps with a dot and circle around it, leading me to expect something like a town. I found, however, nothing but a few grass huts buried in a forest of trees. The chief, Soma Kalenge, showed himself to be greedy and drunken. He was quite a boy. I gave him thirty yards of calico, and had to add to it a jacket, pair of trousers, hat, shoes, and a lot of smaller things. It was a case of give and get on, or refuse and starve, for scarcely a bit of food could be bought at any price. Indeed, the fellow made me quite nervous by his constant begging, and then demanding. He would pry into everything—sit on my chair, take off my hat, feel my skin, let off my gun, and would not let me be quiet. When I tried to speak to him seriously, he would begin telling me about his three mothers and two fathers with an ingenious logic, showing that these five sharers of the marvellous were equally worthy of presents, which would, of course, fall to him.

22nd.—In spite of the heavy, overhanging clouds we struck camp long before dawn, glad at the very thought of getting away from Peho. We had not gone far, however, when the rain came down in one steady pour, and lasted for two hours. We went steadily on and camped by the head of the Luena river.

23rd.—Constant rain this morning, so we remain in camp. A little manioc (cassava) is to be had from the few people about here. The Luena seems to spring out of the ground, immediately assuming the appearance of a large river.

24th.—Driving rain from the east and very cold, but my men were not to be restrained ; on they would go. "Cold and rain will not kill us," they said, "but hunger

will. We must get to some place where there is food." Our course lay along the north bank of the Luena, and after a five hours' journey we crossed the river and camped immediately.

25th.—Left the banks of the Luena and marched for seven hours through a virgin forest, *i.e.*, not annually swept by grass fires like other parts of the country. It was impossible to step out of the deep but narrow path we were following, as the whole forest seemed to be covered by layer upon layer of fallen trees and branches, all of which were woven together in one woody mass by a long, dense, ferny moss. Camped at the head of the Shemoi river, where I dispensed rations to my men and gave a present to a small chief. Crowds of people came to the camp, and were most intent on giving presents. Two pigs, a goat and fowls were thrust upon me, and, not content with feeding me, they made an entertainment with drums and dancing, which was kept up in my camp the whole night long, until nine the next morning. A shower of rain fell during the night, but their delight was seemingly not at all affected by it. It is needless to add how gladly I would have dispensed with such a demonstration.

26th.—Remained here to buy food. Mosiko, the chief, came to visit me; a very quiet-looking old man. I told him as best I could, through Kasoma, my reasons for having come to his country; but I have a poor interpreter, who is himself very slow to understand, and whose knowledge of the Chokwe is small. Their insolence on all occasions destroys old-time ideas of negro civility. They are so ready to exaggerate the smallest accident into the most serious offence. When we were camped by Mosiko's and enjoying his hospitality and the friendly visits of crowds of his people, it so happened that one of my men, when beating an edible root to loosen its fibre before putting it into the pot, happened so to strike the juicy root that some juice squirted on to the bare leg of a Chokwe dandy. A scene of the wildest

excitement immediately followed. They charged my man with spitting upon a free-born Chokwe, "a son of a chief," etc., etc., and off the motley crowd of visitors rushed to call their fellows. Meanwhile we buckled to, and strengthened the camp to our utmost, so that when in a short time a little army appeared, armed with flint-lock guns, bows, arrows and spears, we were in our "block house." But before they returned I had sent off Kasoma with a present of calico to the chief, Boma, whose district lay beyond Mosiko's, asking him to take up the case of my carrier and come at once to our rescue. I was glad to see him, for Mosiko's men wanted to "kill" us and "rob" us, and even then the crime was so serious that "neither our children nor our children's children would be able to pay off the debt incurred." However, Boma proved to be a good and sensible advocate, and I advanced some of my carrier's pay, enabling him to pay a small fine to the offended Chokwe.

Then the scene was changed, guns and spears were laid aside, and all were laughing and drumming as if nothing had occurred to mar our friendship.

27th.—A very hot day. Made but a short journey along the Shemoi. Crowds of people lined the path, shouting, dancing and singing. Camped at Boma's. This small chief seemed to be a very reasonable man, and for the eight yards I sent him he gave me a full return in a good-sized pig. It seems to be a matter of general surprise that a white man should travel with so few carriers; they are accustomed to the passing of native caravans twice or thrice as large as mine. I have given up buying anything myself from the natives, as whenever I offer to buy they double their price right off. "Is it not a white man? Will he cut his cloth up into little pieces?"

Hearing the villagers were coming to play in my camp this evening, I confess that a cold sweat broke over me at the very thought of it. The days at this time of the year are scorching, especially in this valley, and the

nights but reflect the heat of the day in a more breathless way, so that sleep is hardly possible ; but add drummer and singers, and the case is hopeless. I sent a present of meat to the village, beseeching them not to come to my camp. They were not willing, however, to give up idea, but kept on the other side of the Shemoi river, and drummed and danced there all night long.

30th.—Early this morning we again reached the Luena river, now quite a large stream, and had much trouble in “handling” goods across by a roughly made bridge, half sunk in the river. I took my ox further up to clear water, and drove him across, and then rolling my clothes round my head, like a great turban, I swam after him. A short way from the river a small chief met us with his drum beating, and a goat as a present, to induce me to camp by his town. It was early in the day, but speed is no object now that food is plentiful, and, desiring to be as much among the people as possible, we camped where he asked us. His name is Sambula, a sensible-looking man, very anxious that I should also accept an ox as a present. I refused it, however, and said I would be content with the goat. I knew that in return he would expect powder, calico, and clothing in proportion.

December 1st.—At Sambula’s request I remain with him to-day. He has been most importunate about my receiving his gift, and seeing that I was afraid to eat his ox, because of the recompense it would entail, he gave me a receipt for the ox in full as if I had bought and paid for it. This he did, as is the custom among the Bachokwe, by first declaring the matter to his people, then taking a twig, breaking it in two and throwing a part over each shoulder. The whole twig in front of him represented the question on hand ; the twig broken and cast behind the chief’s back, the question decided and forgotten. After this I had not the face to refuse the ox, and so we ate it. Sambula spent the afternoon with me, and was very pleased to talk as long as I liked. I gave him a hat

and a dress of print-cloth as a token of our friendship, and he gave a guide to take us to the next camp by a shorter route. He could not, however, spare me the ordeal of drumming at night in camp; five drums and about thirty voices left little time for sleep.

2nd.—Arrived at the head of the Chonga river. Here there were many villages, and a perfect crowd of people came to the camp, all very well behaved, I must say. The pressing and crowding until late at night to get a look at the white man was somewhat trying; they meant well, so I had no option but to take it patiently and all in good part. Many from these villages had gone off with a raiding party to the Lunda country, and had fared badly; a few of them passed my camp to-day in a sad state, telling of many who had been killed.

CHAPTER XI.

The Balovale and Nana Kandundu *alias* Nyakatolo.

DECEMBER 3rd.—Arrived at the capital of Kangombe to-day. I am now in the Lovale country—which, I suppose, means the “flat country.” The Balovale are in many respects superior to the Bachokwe, in the sense that they make better inhabitants of a country, being less given to wandering. I am amused to see how fond they are of singing-birds; these have a regular current value among them, and their neatly-made cages are to be seen hanging about in their villages. I notice here, close by my camp, that they have made a large fish dam. I have never before seen natives, untaught by whites, dam a river for any purpose. Kangombe is quite a powerful man, the leader of all the Balovale and many of the Bachokwe in war. I sent him a small present.

4th.—Remained in camp. Kangombe came to see me; a very small man, who seemed quite afraid to come into my tent, and wanted to sit down on the ground. I gave him my chair, but that was another difficulty for him. How was he to sit on it? At last he ventured sideways on to the furthest corner, looking suspiciously at the back of the chair. He never asked for anything, but kept looking about him, and then at me, with a pair of eyes like needles for sharpness. When I observed him afterwards speaking to his own people, I saw what I suspected was the case—that the little slim, wiry body, so cautious in its movements, was full of activity and energy. He was sorry I could only remain with him one day, and gave me a goat as a present.

5th.—Marched for Kobongo; crowds of people everywhere; country very flat and full of marshes; it *may*

be unhealthy to a European, but the natives, judging from their looks, find it healthy; they have not the sunken eyes and sallow skins of the Barotse and others who inhabit marshy countries. They tell me that in the dry season it is so cold that "the trees and grass wither up."

The food question is finding its own solution daily. I had bought baskets of dried fish in the Quanza district; these made excellent rations among the Chokwe people, who parted freely with their manioc meal in exchange for fish, and so in the same way castor oil bought from the Bachokwe, and dealt out in tea-spoonfuls, took the place of "small change" among the Balovale. Daily I raised my Ebenezer to our Lord's keeping and providing care, and to the justness of His reproaches when He said to His disciples who had embarked with Him, "Why reason ye because ye have no bread? Do ye not yet perceive, neither understand? have ye your heart yet hardened? . . . When I brake the five loaves among the five thousand, how many baskets full of broken pieces took ye up? . . . Do ye not yet understand?"

11th.—By this date we had crossed the Lumese river, and reached the edge of the Kifumadshe *Flat*. The river of this name rises in the centre of a flat, flooded and impassable from January to April or May; it could not be called a marsh, as the ground there is sandy and firm, with grass and trees growing upon scattered mounds made by ants.

12th.—I managed to kill a large antelope last night, and gave my men the meat, so they are in better spirits than usual. On the whole they have been most trying; never, even for a day, content, and fighting like wolves among themselves.

13th.—Started *wading* to-day, and all very tired.

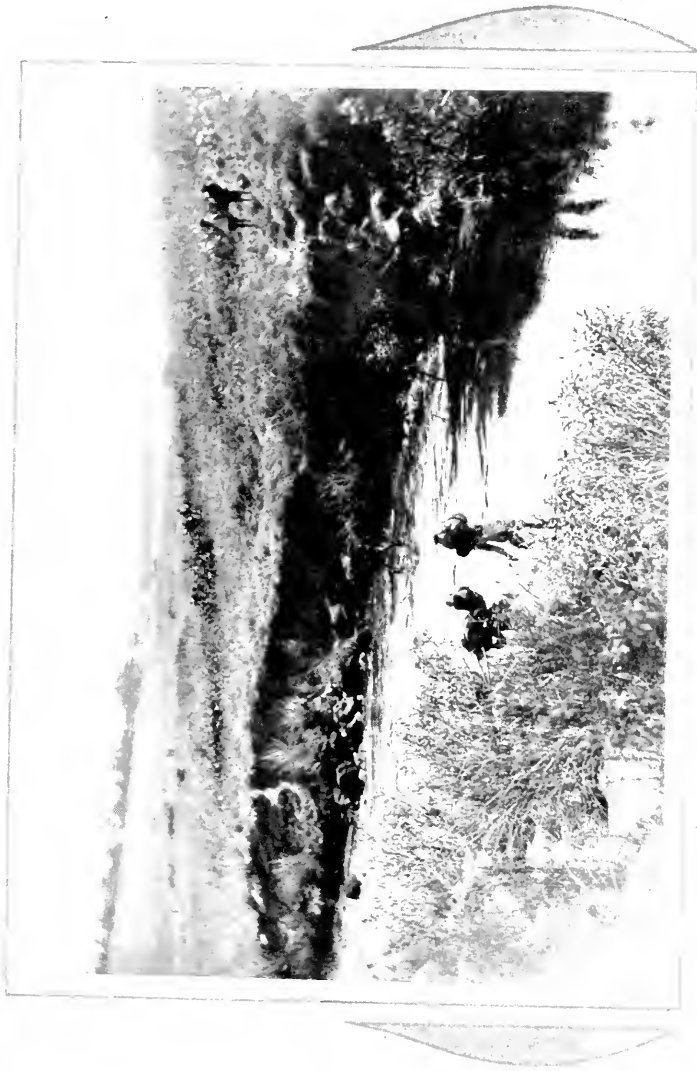
14th.—Water about knee-deep all day; reached another group of half-dry mounds; I pitched my tent with great care, and by setting each foot of my chair on an ant hill, managed to keep above water.

16th.—Crossed the Kifumadshe river and camped quite late in the day. Here my men began to misbehave to the best of their ability—laying down their loads, demanding more rations, then meat: “Meat, Monare, give us meat; why won’t you hunt? you are starving us.” I lifted my gun to go after some wildebeest, and, while I was tugging the cover off, the gun suddenly went off, shattering the point of my left forefinger. There was no one who could dress a wound, so I thought the cleanest and safest way would be to cut it off by the top joint with a lancet I carried in a case, and with Kasoma’s help I managed to make a cut around the joint and sever the ligaments between the bones. I ate a good supper, slept well, and was first off next morning, and first in camp at Kasombo, a clump of villages at the head of the Lutembwa river. Yesterday I passed Lake Dilolo far to the right, only seeing the water glistening between the hills.

18th.—Remained in camp, my men buying fish. The chief here treated me very meanly, I consider; after claiming an extra large tribute, he sent me in return only some rotten fish and meal.

19th.—A short journey along the Lutembwa brought us to another small chief. Being a relative of Katema’s, he would have me remain next day, which I did to my sorrow. All the forenoon was spent in holding out against his demands. I had given him eight yards of calico, for which he gave me a goat, and then wanted a jacket, etc. After four or five hours of this work I began to doze in my chair, and the chief rose and left; he sent his man in the morning, however, to ask for more. I could but refuse and tell the man to go home.

20th.—My friend of yesterday almost succeeded in revenging himself for my stubbornness by giving me a guide with instructions to mislead me and take me to Dilolo. One of my men, however, detected him, and I dismissed him with little ceremony. Camped at Kapwita. Here no less than three chiefs turned up. One called



CROSSING A RIVER.

himself the chief of the Lunda residents ; another, the chief of the Lovale residents ; and the third, the “ man of the country.” I managed to appease them in measure. The Balovale and Balunda seem to be more “ religious ” than their neighbours. One sees continually in the forests small clearings about the trunk of an immense tree, with a double rail round, and some “ fetish thing ” in front, in the shape of a horn or image ; there the people come to offer to their forefathers. Many fetish huts are also to be seen in their villages.

21st.—Crossed the Lutembwa Valley to-day. It is flooded, and covered with a forest of immense trees, which have large-spreading roots like the mangrove. We waded for an hour through this forest. The emerald-green mosses, shining in the water, contrasted beautifully with the pale ferns clustering round and among the tree-roots, and with icicle-like mosses, which hung in long delicate festoons from the branches at every opening. Camped in the afternoon at Old Katema (New Katema is at Dilolo). The chief happened to be at this town, and I sent him the usual present.

22nd.—This morning Katema sent me a present of a woman slave with infant in arms—a pitiful sight. The chief’s messengers said that food was to follow, but that Katema could not give to a white man a present of food only. I asked them as a favour to take the woman back ; and if they would only send her to her own village and among her own people, and never think of giving her away to strangers, I should be more than pleased. The chief, however, did not quite understand my message, and thought I had refused the slave because she was full-grown, and so he sent back word that to-morrow he would send me a young boy or girl.

I found he was a good-looking man. He knew Livingstone, and was sorry to hear of his death ; he was quite satisfied with my explanation about the slave. We parted in the evening the best of friends. I am sorry I cannot spend more time with this Katema ; but I am

hastening to Nana Kandundu, where I hope to get a little rest.

23rd.—The long five days' wade across the flooded flats tried the endurance of my men almost to breaking point, and, when I heard that they had decided to return home in a body, I was not surprised. Several mutinied and went through the camp, threatening to belabour with leather thongs the first to lift his load. I left the matter entirely in the Master's hands, being assured that if Katema was the place to which He had sent me, He would not allow me to go further. While sitting on a log at some distance from my camp, I suddenly saw a general move among the men; they came out, one after another, and went off, scarcely saying a word. The truth was, the camp was literally alive with "army ants," which came rushing in from all directions, and anyone who knows anything about the African army ant will at once understand why my carriers turned out so speedily. In the evening I camped by a cluster of fishermen's huts.

25th.—Lost our path, and wandered up and down the bush all day; finally we struck the Loambo river, and camped.

28th.—Another quarrel this morning between my men and the people of the country. A little dog in the camp was ill and vomited, and a native, who had come to sell meal, sat down beside the dog, and some of the vomit came on his arm. We all declared it was his own fault, and would not pay for this offence; so he and his friends waylaid us on the road, caught a straggler, and took his gun from him. Camped on the east bank of the Luvua, a large river flowing into the Zambesi.

To-morrow we should arrive at Nana Kandundu, the town of the Queen Mother of the Balovale.

Nana Kandundu will, I think, be a good centre for future work, as nearly all the interior roads meet there. It will also be less difficult to engage carriers from Bihé for Nana Kandundu than for the Garenganze, and I

don't think there will be much difficulty in getting loads conveyed from there on.

I was much refreshed the other night, while reading the passage where the Lord said, "Wherever this gospel shall be preached *throughout the whole world*, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of." Was there a single spot on the whole earth yet to be reached that was hidden from His eyes when He uttered those words? His words seemed also to say, "Wherever those who love Me as she loves Me go to tell of Me, there will I be," for the spirit of *commanding* is entirely absent. I connected these thoughts with the words of David, when he longed for a drink of the well at Bethlehem. The words spoken to Isaiah, "Who will go for us?" also show that the Lord seeks those who willingly offer themselves.

30th.—A long march to-day brought us to Nana Kandundu's town. She came to visit me the next day, a smart-looking elderly woman, and seemingly quite equal to her position.

January 1st, 1886.—This morning I called my men together to give them rations, and to know who would journey further and who would not. I discovered that eight were willing to go on; the rest wished to return from here. With these eight I shall start for Garenganze, and leave the rest of my loads here to be sent for.

4th.—Paid a visit to the chieftainess, and arranged with her about leaving some of my loads. She promised to take every care of them.

On returning to camp in the evening I was distressed to find my men negotiating with some wild Balunda for a woman slave and child (a little boy of five or six years). The woman had been bargained for, but the price of the child was disputed. At last the Balunda said they would not sell the child, and were pulling him out of the arms of his mother, who was clutching him frantically. At this I interfered, and stopped the proceedings. They took the hint; for before I had time

to look round me, they snatched up their cloth, including the price offered for the child, and cleared away from the camp. This slave-buying is a wretched business. Many of the Bihé traders say that they would rather have slaves than ivory. Every caravan we pass has strings of slaves.

CHAPTER XII.

The Lunda Country. The Lualaba, and Msidi's Capital.

JANUARY 8th.—Started this morning in fair style with eight brave carriers for the fifteen days' long march to the Lualaba. Marched for six hours ; camped at Kamisambu by the Loungashe. Here there are a few Balunda.

10th.—Marched for eight hours through beautiful country, more tropical-looking than any other part of Africa I have been in. Small rivers without number. During the day we were overtaken by several tremendous showers of rain, soaking everyone and everything thoroughly.

11th.—Made a late start this morning. Had some trouble in arranging my carriers' loads. They were all overladen with meal, and blamed me for breaking their backs. With much trouble crossed the Luake, a large and rapid stream.

12th.—Reached Sacindonga early this morning. Here I met with a few wandering Balunda, but the country is practically desolate. Remains of former towns and large cultivated fields, now all weeds, exist on all sides. War parties from the Lovale, led chiefly by Kaŋgombe, have wrought these devastations.

13th.—Remain in camp this morning, as one of my carriers is ill, and the rest are gone off foraging for food in villages some distance away.

14th.—Marched this morning until mid-day. Camped at a place called Tambwe. No signs of inhabitants anywhere.

17th.—In camp to-day. Men have gone off to the Zambesi River, which is quite near, to seek for food. We are all very tired, and want rest.

18th.—Camped early, as rain threatened.

19th.—This morning I gave up my ox to a lad in the company, who had been bought by one of my men at Nana Kandundu and could not walk further. Reached the ill-famed camping-place of "Olohosi" in the afternoon. The name means "The Lions." There are many stories about natives camping here and being seized while asleep and carried off by lions. An extra barricade was built round the camp with great pains. A house had to be made for my ox, and every precaution was taken by my crew, so that the lions had little prospect of supping at our expense that night.

I am not troubling my readers with the details of a rough survey of the country we have been passing through. But this last section has proved by far the most interesting, and perhaps of some little value, for hitherto all published maps have made out that the Zambesi rose in Lake Dilolo, or thereabouts; but my observations proved that it has its source near to the hill I marked in my route map by the name of "Border Craig" [now known as Kaleñe Hill]. After the Olohosi camp we were fairly within the basin of the great Congo river.

20th.—My men were longer getting astir this morning than usual. We generally start about the time of the "cooing of the pigeons," but we did not leave camp this morning until "the dew was dry." Crossed the Lokoshe river, about twenty yards wide here. It flows into the Luburi, which empties itself into the Lualaba.

21st.—We have been now twelve days in this trying country. The few beans we were able to bring from Sacindonga did not last long, and our sacks of cassava meal, bought at Nana Kandundu, are almost finished. I had hoped to have shot some game, but nothing is to be seen, not even their spoor. The bodies of two natives by the roadside, who had evidently died of hunger, certainly did not encourage us, though it was a warning to my men to make longer marches.

22nd.—Crossed the Luburi this morning, a heavy

stream, thirty-five feet wide. Camped at Kapa. Our food being now used up, all the carriers started off for some *Samba* villages reported to be further down the Luburi; we hope they will return to-morrow.

23rd.—Men returned with only a few cassava roots.

Still pressing on. Crossed the Lufupa river about mid-day, and camped at dusk. We had scarcely made a shelter for the goods when the rain came down in sheets. The night was pitch dark; there was nothing but forest all round; every one was tired out and we had no shelter. We managed, however, to go to sleep and forget our hunger and destitution.

Just as I was dropping off, I heard a prolonged ominous rustle among the dank grass and leaves that made up my litter. I suspected that a snake, roused by the warmth of my body, was drawing closer. As soon as I awoke in the morning, I remembered my bedmate and, with one spring, cleared both bed and bedding. Then with the help of my boys I fished my rugs away, and after beating around with long sticks, out wriggled a deadly black *mamba*, some six feet long, which we quickly despatched.

Hunger now stared our little caravan in the face. We had given our meal-bags their last shake out, finding just enough flour and dust to colour an attempt at gruel. So unless food was found within a day or so we should have had to leave our loads in the forest and flee for dear life. Leaving the men in camp I chose the best tracker and went off for a day's hunting, earnestly praying for "daily bread," a "table in the wilderness." The country has been only recently depopulated by war and slave-catching, and so is destitute of both man and beast, for the game have not had time as yet to return to it.

We followed for a long time on the track of a zebra, encouraged by the sight of his fresh footprints; but as they led across a marsh I gave it up. At last, when crossing a small flat, I saw two pigs in the distance. So

creeping up on all-fours, until my hands and knees were bleeding, I managed to get within one hundred and twenty yards of them ; then they saw me and prepared to clear off. As one young hog turned to take another look at me, I took aim and fired. The lead entered his breast, traversing the whole body. The old hog turned back in a great rage to look after his fellow, when another bullet from my gun pierced his two shoulders, and he lay down with his head resting on the other. They were both of the wart-hog species, the old one a splendid animal, weighing over 200 lb., and having tusks a foot in length. Thus the Lord delivered me and my men from sinking from sheer hunger ; for we had literally nothing to eat. I sent my tracker to bring on my men, while I lay down beside the two pigs and went sound asleep.

When my men came along I had the greatest difficulty in keeping them off the meat ; some were tearing it and eating it raw like wolves ; that night was spent in feasting and dancing.

The country here is very beautiful, the forest not so dense, and the hills high and richly clad to the tops. Though this is the hottest time of the year the nights are quite cold. I never sleep without a fire in my hut, though I have blankets enough. During the day a cool breeze is always blowing. I presume the altitude is considerable.

25th.—I shall not soon forget the hearty expressions the men threw out one to the other as they marched along in Indian file this morning. “ Don’t you remember what things we said of the white man and his God ? What names we called them ! But the white man’s God has not only been with us, but has filled our bellies with pig-meat.”

26th.—Made another short march to the Muilo copper mines.

28th.—Made another attempt at stalking pigs, but after a long painful crawl I found myself face to face with five full-grown leopards.



CAMP SCENE IN THE INTERIOR.

29th.—Crossing a hill to-day we came in full view of the valley of the Lualaba, a grand and impressive sight.

The chief at the crossing was called Kazembe, and traced his title, with as much pride and dignity as any Norman lord, to the great *Muate Yamvo* of the Lunda Empire. Another “Kazembe” was placed by him on the Luapula crossing.

Kasoma's wife died on the 30th. She was the only woman with my men, and the strain and hunger had been too much for her. For the last ten days she had travelled on the back of my ox.

On the 12th of February we were near enough to Msidi's capital to send Kasoma on in front to inform the great chief that we were approaching. Strange and fearsome reports had reached us of this man's doings. Of the human skulls stuck on every stake of his garden fence! of the chiefs that he had flayed! of his hundreds of wives! of his wars! and above all of the long, well-sharpened stake in the middle of his courtyard upon which he said he intended placing the skull of the first white man who should dare to invade his country! Under such circumstances I moved on slowly. At last Kasoma returned and told me to camp at a certain place and wait for further orders. Meanwhile Msidi called his diviners and wise men together to find out by their skill and wisdom “whether my heart was as white as my skin.”

Some of their tests were certainly rather childish, though they had a grim humour about them. One was the placing of a little piece of bark at night in a certain decoction of carefully compounded native medicines. Next morning, if this piece of bark was solid and sound, it would show that my heart was good, and that I had come to the Garenganze country without evil intentions. If, however, this little fragment of bark turned out to be in any way decomposed, it would prove that my heart was rotten, and that I was not to be trusted.

Another test was on this wise: They cut off the head

of a live fowl, which was then thrown into the middle of the yard, and the diviner, watching its dying struggles, judged as to my designs from the position in which it lay when dead. If the neck had pointed in the direction of my camp, danger from that quarter would have been indicated ; but if not, then I and my companions were clear. It so happened that after some days of such ceremonies and tests all things turned out in my favour. They had nothing against me, and so were willing to obey their king's command and unite in giving me a hearty welcome to their country.

CHAPTER XIII.

Msidi and the Bagarenganze.

ON the day appointed for my reception by Msidi I rode down on my ox* to the chief's town, meeting on the way large companies of people, who had come to greet me and my eight men, dressed in their best for the occasion. At last we reached the enclosure where Msidi was awaiting me. I found him an old-looking man, with rather a pleasant, smooth face, and a short beard, quite white. As I approached he rose from his chair—the American rocking-chair I had given him—and came forward to meet me, folding his arms round me in the most fatherly way; indeed, his reception was quite affecting. Behind and on either side of him were large companies of women; these he introduced to me as his wives, of whom he has in all some five hundred. After the ceremony of shaking hands with wives, brothers, cousins, and other relatives was over, he sent for the nurse of one of his children, who brought a child about eighteen months old. This little boy was placed by Msidi upon my knee before all the company as his present, and he assured me that he was my child henceforth.

I was rather pleased with the appearance of Msidi's sons. Indeed, all his family and people are wonderfully well behaved for Africans. Immorality is, of course, very great; but respectful, courteous behaviour towards one another is insisted upon by the king. He opposes all wild-hemp smoking, and is not favourable to the use of tobacco in any form. He insists upon his sons

*Poor ox! now a worn-out bag of bones. I was persuaded to ride him more for the entertainment of the crowds of people, but it was the last time.

acquiring a knowledge of useful employments. Kalasa, *alias* Mukanda Bantu, the oldest, is quite a skilful worker in horn, making out of the horns of large animals powder-flasks neatly mounted with copper and brass. Another of Msidi's sons is a blacksmith. Their livelihood does not depend upon these trades, but they are followed as accomplishments.

The male portion of Msidi's communities have to do a large share of the manual labour, and the part Msidi takes in this is very commendable. Not only does he go to the fields with his people to labour, but he encourages his own sons to work, and so makes labour honourable. I have seen him go out every day with a large band of hoers for weeks together, and often stand in the middle of the field when rain was falling heavily, watching the workers. At other times his people would have left their work for shelter, but when Msidi was there they had to be "wet-weather soldiers."

During my first interview with the king I was introduced to several traders, of Arab descent, from Zanzibar. The Arabs have been long in communication with the Garenganze country, which is known to them as "Katanga," famous all over Eastern Africa for its native wrought copper and salt. Arab caravans came from Lake Tanganyika in the north for copper to supply the markets of Uganda.

I found that these Arabs made good use of their time at Katanga in promulgating infamous stories about the English. They were, I was told, most assiduous in their efforts to poison the mind of Msidi against me in particular, when they heard of my coming. After listening to a long harangue from them, however, he quickly replied, "I am sure I cannot answer your words. I do not know these English people. I certainly do not know this man who is now coming; but one thing I know—I *know you Arabs*." So he was prepared to suspend judgment concerning me from his knowledge of the men who were seeking to prejudice him against me.

Msidi had heard of Livingstone's approach from the east, and of his death at Chitambo's, and was much interested when I told him that I was a man of peace like Livingstone, and hailed from the same country and town. I also told him that I was willing to remain among his people, and to send back Cinyama, with the few men who had come with me, to Bihé, to bring on others who might think of joining me in this country.

It was difficult, of course, in a few interviews fully to disclose to a mind so dark my true object in coming to his country. He understood Umbundu, so we were able to converse freely. And I sought for special wisdom to explain to him the nature of my message, waiting for a suitable opportunity to present itself. One day he asked me to breakfast at his house, and our conversation went on, as at other times, respecting the nature and reality of God's existence. I then spoke to him in words like these : "Great and mighty chief as you are in the eyes of men, in the sight of God there is no difference between you and the poorest, vilest slave in your country, and you need God's mercy just as he does." My words impressed him. At last, with an effort, he leaned forward thoughtfully, and said, "It must be so, if God is as great as you say ; and if He is so high above us all, then we must be all the same in His sight."

By way of confirming his hearty welcome to me to remain in his country, Msidi asked to take my choice of sites near his great Bunkeya Mukurru. I determined not to do so hastily, but to make a few excursions. Accordingly I started, on March 29th, along the banks of the Bunkeya. In the afternoon we reached the Lunsala district, where Maria, one of Msidi's wives, a mulatto from Bihé, has her village and her many retainers. Thus far I was accompanied by one of the king's sons, who went for the purpose of introducing me to this important wife of his. This part of the Mukurru is flat and fertile, and it was interesting

to see the great stretches of fields of millet-corn to the right and left.

Having remained in that neighbourhood for a day, I proceeded on my journey to the Lufira river. That evening I encamped on the banks of the Bunkeya; and next morning, after a rather tiresome march over a very flat and thickly-wooded country, passing by the way fresh spoors of elephants on either side of us, I reached the Lufira. This river flows through a great grassy plain, more or less flooded during the rainy season, but dry in the summer and abounding with large herds of game. On the east side of the river there is a majestic range of mountains, rising abruptly to a height of about 2000 feet above the plain.

There were many villages along the Lufira, small and poorly built, and occupied chiefly by Lamba fishermen. I shot some animals for the men who were with me. The large herds of zebra, buffalo, and all kinds of antelope were a sight not readily forgotten. It is strange to find so much game within thirty miles of so large a community of people as that found at Msidi's.

May 7th.—After sending my faithful Bihé porters back to Nana Kandundu for my loads, I visited Kagoma, a small chief on the Lukuruwe river, two good days' journey from Msidi's capital. Kagoma has been suffering for many years from leprous sores. He was very anxious for me to attend to him "professionally," and in return he fairly loaded me with presents of food, corn, rice, goats, etc. Returned on the 16th to my camp.

23rd.—My third excursion was in a south-easterly direction to a point where the Lufira river breaks through the Koni range of hills.

June 7th.—After travelling beyond the fertile valley of the Bunkeya the country became very rough and mountainous. We had a toilsome journey before we reached the crest of this rugged range. On doing so, however, we were rewarded with an extensive view of the beautiful valley of the Luife, lying to the south, where there are

many villages. Descending as quickly as possible, for night was coming upon us, I made for the first village ; but we were rather unfortunate in our host. He turned out to be an old aristocrat of the country, now sadly reduced, and was anything but glad to see us, being more inclined to partake of our food than to allow us to share his. Nevertheless, we got a shelter of some kind. I cooked a little rice, which I had brought with me, and made an early start next morning.

On reaching Kalolo the effect of our appearance was quite amusing. The poor people there had evidently never seen a white man before, for they seemed very uncertain about me, and stood a long way off, gazing in groups. The young men who were with me spent their strength in vain efforts to assure them that no danger was to be anticipated from my presence. A large hut was provided, and plenty of raw food laid down, and their headman, Monkobe, came in towards evening. He seemed to be much more reasonable than the others, and told his wife to cook me food, which she did, and to their astonishment I partook of it. Few were willing, nevertheless, to sleep in their town that night. It was enough to have seen my footprint on the path. "His feet are not like men's feet ; they are like those of the zebra," they said. In the evening I kindled a large fire in front of my hut, knowing something of the attraction this is to these poor naked people, and after sitting some time I saw it had an effect. A little group gathered on the other side of the fire, and through the smoke and flames I with difficulty distinguished their eyes from their mouths, as all were wide open. The numbers gradually increased, until they were no longer able to hide themselves behind the fire ; and, watching my opportunity, I began a conversation with them through a young man I had with me as interpreter, but a sorry helper he was. His debauchery became so abominable that I had literally to drive him off.

Before returning to the Bunkeya I visited a few other

villages, and met from time to time with strange receptions. One man, who had heard the night before of the coming of this "son of the great spirit," appeared with a pot of small beer, hastily prepared, and after politely requesting me to refresh myself with his gift, told me that some of his children had gone along the road upon which we were travelling some days before, and as there was a possibility of our meeting them as they returned, he hoped I would not capture or rob them.

Hearing that I had a touch of fever, Msidi grimly sent his son to entreat me not to take medicine from any native doctor, saying that they would be sure to poison me if I put myself into their hands.

July 27th.—Having recovered somewhat, I was able to go in my hammock to visit the village of Chipenza, a few hours' journey north of my camp. Here I spent a couple of days, and suffered severely from headaches. The headman of this town understands Umbundu fairly well, and so do some of the young men of the village. During a long afternoon's talk in the yard the "two ways" of Scripture was the subject I tried to make plain to them. I pointed out the crookedness of their ways—deception, lying, stealing, murdering, etc., with their trust in idols and fetish things to deliver them from the penalty of their deeds; and in contrast I showed the straitness and evenness of God's ways. At the end of each sentence the headman turned to explain all I had said to the villagers. One bright-looking young man, on hearing the description of God's ways, replied, with much animation, "A road to run on!"

CHAPTER XIV.

I send my Bihé Men back to the West Coast in search of Helpers from Home. Hunting Adventures.

It was necessary, however, to wake up to the fact that isolated and alone one could not hope to accomplish much in the midst of so vast a continent.

The time had clearly come for Cinyama and Kasoma to return to Bihé with letters to Senhor Silva Porto and Mr. Sanders. Perhaps by this time helpers would be forthcoming ; if so, they would be glad of the assistance of my carriers. If not, I knew that Dr. Maclean, of Bath, who had voluntarily undertaken to "hold the ropes," was in correspondence with Mr. Sanders, and that he would be able to send Cinyama back with supplies.

I gave the outgoing party all the calico that I could spare for rations and tribute to the many petty chiefs, and sorry I was to part with them. We had battled along together. They had learned to trust me and I them, and if a careful record had been kept of the names of our native helpers in the work of opening up West Central Africa, the names of the twenty porters who accompanied Cinyama and Kasoma would have been often mentioned. Some of them died in the service of the missionaries.

Taking stock of what remained in the way of supplies to tide me over the long months that must pass, I found that I had 100 yards of calico, 20 lb. of beads, and for the first time since coming to Africa I had a good rifle with me, and five hundred reliable cartridges. With these I planned to spend ten days every three months in the hunting veldt, killing and curing meat, sufficient to keep me and my boys in food, as the dried meat

was greedily sought for by the women, in exchange for meal.

During these hunting expeditions one had many strange adventures, and I was often brought in contact with wild forest folk and cave-dwellers. Once when on the Lukurruwe we had interesting visits from bands of hungry men who lived in caves and rock-fastnesses. We gave them as much meat as they could eat. They sat and conversed with me around the camp fire, but stole off before morning light lest any of Msidi's young men should find them.

One of my hunting trips fell due when I was very much reduced through fever and unable to walk. But the pot had to be kept boiling, so my men carried me in a hammock to the Lufira river. Sighting a troop of zebra, they carried me within range; then when they put my hammock down, I crawled out, took aim and shot a plump young zebra. The next day the same process was repeated until we had sufficient meat.

Lions often beset our camp and waylaid us. On one occasion a huge fellow sprang with a roar from behind an ant-hill, and in an instant he would have been on top of a lad carrying my bedding, but I stepped between the lion and the lad. The lion seemed to be disconcerted, and cleverly sprang to the side to avoid me; I sprang into the place he had vacated, hoping to shoot him, but he sprang again to the side, and hid behind the long grass. A second time I followed him, but he dashed away at full speed, and I returned to gather up my scattered carriers. It took me some hours to find them, and then to persuade them, with the aid of a number of fisher folk, to come back to pick up my bedding, pots, pans, etc.

But I must bring these wild beast stories to a close by telling of a night adventure I had in the dry country to the north of Bunkeya.

Late one afternoon I heard that a troop of roan antelope had come to drink at a pool of water not far off, so I

hastily started out after them, taking only a few cartridges in my pocket. After following the game for ten miles, my guide and I were able to come to within 400 yards of where they stood out in the open plain. Hiding behind a small bush, I opened fire and killed three. Two lay close together and the third 100 yards off. So far so good, but what about securing the meat we so badly wanted? I had only the one man with me; him I sent back for carriers, while I remained to keep off the wild animals. The night set in cold and dark; I had neither fire nor cartridge nor coat. Before long the swish, swish in the grass, of feet stealthily approaching, told me that the hyenas were around. These ravenous animals seemed determined, in spite of all my shouting, to have their share. I had at last to decide to give up the one carcase to them and to keep guard over the two. As the wind was piercing, I stripped with my knife half of the skin of the largest roan, and lying behind the animal I drew his skin over me and felt fairly comfortable listening to the quarrelling of the hyenas devouring the abandoned antelope. I must have fallen asleep and slept for some time, for suddenly to my horror I was awakened by the hot breath of a hyena on my face. Springing up, I seemed for a few minutes to be in a veritable "den of lions." With my empty rifle in one hand, and my long hunting knife in the other, I rattled and clashed the two together as best I could, and sprang about so vigorously that soon the hyenas had cleared to a safe distance, and there they sat around until to my great relief a light appeared in the distance. My men were coming running with torches. Soon I was able to hand the meat of the two animals over to them intact, and go off soundly to sleep before a bright warm fire.

CHAPTER XV.

Native History, Geography and Trade.

MSIDI was not a native of the country he ruled over. He was really a Moyeke and came from the country called Unyamwesi to the east of Lake Tanganyika. Why he called the country he ruled over the country of the Bagarenganze I do not know, unless it was a name of the Bayeke people. Msidi's father, Kalasa, was a trader, and came west to buy copper from the Basanga smelters. Msidi, while assisting his father, showed great skill both as a diplomat and a warrior. For he won over the Basanga on the one hand, and defeated the Basamba and Baluba on the other, and thus for several decades dominated the whole of that part of Central Africa now called Katanga. With great enterprise he succeeded in doing what the chief of the Makololo tried to do. He opened up a regular trade with the West Coast. His nephew, Molenga, and other brave men, repeatedly forced their way through hostile tribes to the coast. The supplies of gunpowder they brought enabled Msidi to extend his kingdom. With great skill he fortified towns around his "spear boundary," taking advantage of the triangle of country enclosed between the two Lualabas.

And here let me make a slight divergence to say that the African's ideas of geography all hang around the river basins. His mind seems to insist on finding some analogy between the physical world and his own anatomy. As he has a right and left arm and leg, so he makes out an East and West Lualaba, an East and West Luena in the Zambesi basin, and an East and West Lunga—all large rivers; and when we come down to the names

of the smaller streams, one seldom fails to find two rivers in a district bearing the same name. They find it difficult to follow a map drawn on the sand or on paper, but they can draw one better on ribs and arms and legs. Standing up one day at his full length, a Mombowe stretched his fingers over his bare ribs and muscles and graphically described to me how the country to the east of the Zambesi was really an island, for "did not the Zambesi have its head (source) there, did it not coil round there, and twist down there—bringing his hands round his back and on to his right ribs—and did it not flow off in that way to meet the sun?"—drawing his hand across his stomach near to the point he had marked on his left rib where the head of the Zambesi lay, thus proving conclusively that the Lunda and Barotse people lived on an island.

Msidi, in order to render the government of this vast territory secure, appointed minor chiefs in the great centres of population. Each of these received from him an *omande* shell as a sign of office. These minor chiefs appointed their own officials, one of whom wore a shell on his breast, and was called the "mother" of the chief, because of the part he took on the day of coronation, when the chief, after days of close confinement, was brought forth on the shoulders of his "mother." Another official wore two lion's claws, fitted into one another so as to form a circle, hanging from a strip of lion's hide worn round the neck. He was called "the man under the bed," as it was his duty to lie there during the time that the chief was confined to his hut. These minor chiefs were each supposed to have some relative married to Msidi, and these wives of the king were really their "friends at court," through whom all communications with him were carried on. Msidi also employed these women as officers of state, and they had often other districts to superintend besides those ruled over by their own relatives.

At Msidi's capital I met with native traders from

Uganda ; the Unyamwesi country ; the Ungala, to the east of Lake Tanganyika ; the Luba country, almost as far down as the Stanley Falls ; the Zambesi ; Zumbu, Bihé, and Loanda, as well as Arab traders from Lake Nyassa and Zanzibar. Copper, salt, ivory and slaves were the chief articles of commerce. In exchange for these, Msidi purchased flint-lock guns, powder, cloth, and beads, besides many other curious things that these native and Arab traders bring. It was, indeed, quite an entertainment when Msidi opened out his stores and exhibited his treasures ; in doing so he seemed to take a peculiar pleasure. His collection contained tins of meat unopened, musical boxes, concertinas, guns and pistols, opera glasses, scientific instruments (generally out of order), trinkets of every imaginable description, watches and jewellery ; also cast-off clothing, varying in quality and colour from the sombre blue of the London policeman's uniform to the gorgeous dress of some Portuguese governor ; also a full-sized plaster-of Paris head and bust, which was installed in his fetish hut and was supposed to represent Msidi's grandfather's spirit, although the head was that of a woman !

The Bagarenganze cultivate large quantities of Kaffir corn, maize, rice, sweet potatoes, yams, onions, peanuts, cassava, etc. They are an industrious race of people, and their love of hoeing and other menial occupations shows that they are not naturally so filled with martial ambitions as the Matabele and Zulu races appear to be.

It was also remarkable to see people belonging to different tribes and speaking different languages dwelling peaceably together under one chief. To bring this about Msidi had, of course, to exercise a great deal of tact, and he showed considerable ability in dealing with the many questions that came before him, arising from the tribal jealousies that are continually at work. It was frequently found that the men of one tribe were jealous of those of another, dwelling in the next village and

speaking a different dialect, and were ready to trace to them all their disasters. In the past, charges and trials for witchcraft were very common, and threatened to keep the country in a perpetual state of turmoil and strife. Msidi, however, met the difficulty by declaring himself to be the only wizard.

CHAPTER XVI.

Superstitions and Customs.

I OFTEN chided the Bagarenganze for their want of courage in not hunting down the many wild animals that preyed around their towns, carrying off the sick people, and frequently attacking and seizing solitary strangers. They excused themselves by explaining that these wild animals were really men, turned, by the magic power they possessed, into the form of lions, panthers, or tigers, who prowled about to take vengeance on those against whom they were embittered.

Africans believe largely in preventive measures, and their fetish charms are of that order. In passing through a country where leopards and lions abound, they carefully provide themselves with the claws, teeth, lips, and whiskers of those animals, and hang them round their necks, to secure themselves against being attacked. For the same purpose the point of an elephant's trunk is generally worn by elephant hunters. The bones from the legs of tortoises are much valued as anklets in order to give the wearers endurance. The lower jaw-bone of the tortoise is worn by certain tribes as a preventive against toothache. The spine bones of serpents are strung together with a girdle as a cure for backache.

One morning I shot a hyena in my yard. The chief sent one of his executioners to cut off its nose and the tip of its tail, and to extract a little bit of brain from the skull. The man informed me that these parts were very serviceable to elephant hunters, as securing for them the cunning, tact, and power to become invisible, which the hyena is supposed to possess. I suppose that the

brain would represent the cunning, the nose the tact, and the tip of the tail the vanishing quality. The stomach of the hyena is valued by the Ovimbundu as a cure for apoplexy. Many have a superstitious dread of the horned night owl. Its cry is considered an evil omen, which can only be counteracted effectually by possessing a whistle made out of the windpipe of the same bird.

During a prolonged attack of fever a huge horned owl came every night into the tree under which my hut was built, and hooted dolefully. At first my boys looked perplexed, then they became alarmed, and as the bird returned to the tree night after night they gave up all hope of my recovery, and became so dispirited that I could hardly arouse them to fetch water or even light a fire. I had only my rifle with which to shoot the bird, and in my weak condition I could not have attempted to take aim, so as to kill him with a rifle bullet, but I instructed Dick how to extract the bullet from a cartridge, and cut it into slugs and recharge the cartridge. With this I crawled out into the yard and lay with my blanket around me awaiting the owl; for it seemed to be a case of his life or mine—a most extraordinary position for a missionary to be brought into. Personally I had no quarrel with the poor bird. When darkness fell, back he came to his favourite branch. I could just see his form against the sky. I fired. The slugs carried splendidly, the owl lay dead, to the great joy of my poor superstitious followers. Of course—as they would have said—I recovered.

Jackals are also very much disliked. The weird cry of one of these animals will arouse the people of a whole village, who will rush out and call upon the spirit-possessed animal to be quiet and leave them, or to come into the village and they will feed and satisfy it. When travelling they are careful to notice the direction this animal may take. Should its cry come from that in which they are going, they will not venture a step further

until certain divinations have been performed, that they may learn the nature of the calamity about to befall them.

Not many traces of caste are to be found in Africa. There is, of course, an aristocracy of mighty men, and the richer members of society rule over the poorer, but some *trade* castes exist among the Basanga. The copper mines were wrought and the copper smelted out of the malachite ore by certain families. This business is handed down from father to son, and the instructions of forefathers are followed with the greatest accuracy. At one place the copper is cast in the form of a very wide capital H. At other mines it is cast in the form of a Maltese cross, the mould being made in the sand by the workers, with their fingers ; and out of twenty casts from such moulds scarcely an eighth of an inch difference is discernible.

The malachite from which the copper is extracted is found in large quantities on the tops of certain bare, rugged hills. In their search for it the natives dig little round shafts, seldom deeper than 15 to 20 feet. They have no lateral workings, but when one shaft becomes too deep for them, they leave it and open another.

Other families are devoted to the working of iron. The iron ore is smelted in a very simple way. Large trenches are dug in the ground, and having been filled with iron ore and charcoal, are covered with soft clay, openings being left at both ends. The fire is lit at one end, and boys are employed to blow little bellows night and day, burning the oxygen slowly out of the ore. After several days the trench is broken open, and the reduced metal taken out, and hammered into hoes, axe-heads, spears, knives, and bullets.

Some of the iron workers are most ingenious men ; they can repair all the parts of a gun, and can make, besides numerous other things, including "correntes," long heavy chains for tying slaves together. I broke a little camp bedstead close to one of its joints, and upon calling

one of these men, he put in an entirely new piece, and of such good metal that it was the strongest part about the bedstead.

The right of fishing in the rivers is also confined to certain families, who are generally looked down upon by others, as fish is by many African tribes considered unclean food.

These fishermen catch large quantities of barbel, which are very good for food when dried in the sun. They are chiefly caught in long basket traps with inverted bottoms. Why fish should be unclean to certain tribes is a mystery to me, as the same people are capable of eating almost anything else. When pressed for a reason they say it is because fish are slippery, and would sicken them. They have often given me the same reason for not eating the flesh of young animals. I doubt not, however, that their antipathies in these matters must be traced to ancient superstitions.

Salt is found in pans along the Lufira river, and forms one staple article of trade. During the dry season a great quantity of salt is gathered. The heat of the sun seems to draw it out of the ground in the form of an efflorescence, which is so abundant that, from the space of two yards square, they will perhaps be able to sweep together 50 lb. of salt. Msidi's salt-pan was opened once a year with a religious ceremony, and two human victims were sacrificed in order that the process of salt-gathering that year might not be interfered with by the spirits of departed chiefs.

A similar course was pursued in nearly all their occupations. They sought to prevent disaster, and to assure themselves of success by means of human sacrifices. It was indeed surprising to see how even the poor victims themselves seemed to enter into the spirit of the delusion, taking farewell of their friends and going quietly to be sacrificed, many of them even delighting in being called to do so at the king's pleasure. No selection appeared to be made in providing the victims, but the king merely

said that one and another were to be taken and slaughtered.

All persons in the Garenganze seemed to have equal rights, so far as land and forest were concerned. They could cultivate wherever they pleased, and had only to go to the forest for firewood or timber when it was wanted. In some parts of Africa attempts are made to restrict the use of the land, although there is plenty of it, but in the Garenganze this was not so. Perhaps the only rights connected with the land are what may be called hunting rights. Minor chiefs and headmen over certain districts reserve to themselves the right of organizing what are called "fire hunts." All the people are then called out, the grass is set on fire, and the wild animals are chased up the ravines and valleys and killed in great numbers. At one fire hunt on the Lufira 100 elephants were, to my knowledge, killed in a few days. "Lufira" means "the river of death"; its steep slimy banks prevent the game driven into it from escaping, and the hunters, with long, iron, lance-like spears, line the banks and spear the big animals as they struggle in vain to climb up.

The cultivation of the ground is considered a purely domestic duty. It really devolves upon the female portion of the community, although the men help in the heavier work of tilling and cutting the corn when ripe. The sowing, and also watching the corn grow, is left to the women. When the corn ripens, large stands have to be erected in the gardens, on the top of which huts are built, perhaps fifteen feet above the ground, where the watchers sit to keep off birds and fowls by day, and wild animals by night. During the summer the nights are continually disturbed by the shouts of these watchers, mingling strangely with the wilder cries of hyenas and other prowling animals.

The rights and privileges given to women in the Garenganze formed one of the remarkable features of Msidi's government. Women were allowed to attend

the courts, and to have a voice equally with the men, and Msidi succeeded pretty well in dispensing equal justice.

As a rule these simple people are fond of their children. Cases of infanticide are very rare, and then only because of some deformity. Twins, strange to say, are not only allowed to live, but the people delight in having them. The proud parents call the one "Elephant" and the other "Hippopotamus."

On one occasion a man and his wife appeared before Msidi, each with a baby in arms—twins, while a crowd of women followed ringing a bell and singing. An elderly woman stepped forward with a dish in her hand, from which she sprinkled the chief and all his visitors. Father and mother and twins were then blessed with presents of calico, and with beer sprayed from the king's mouth.

When a baby cuts his teeth in the proper way—lower teeth first—a procession is formed in the same way, songs are sung, and presents given to the infant. It is called the "day of the justification of the child's life." Up till then, if any imperfection had developed, the doctors might have been able to claim the infant as a sacrifice to some offended demon.

CHAPTER XVII.

Slaves and Slavery. My Rescue-Home.

CHILDREN of slaves were treated as "nobody's" *children*, though the *property* of "somebody." The life of a slave could be compensated for by cloth, goats, or other things of like value ; but the life of "somebody's" child could only be paid for by five slaves. If a freeborn child were lost or devoured by wild animals, the father would have to pay its value to his wife's relatives, as freeborn children were in some parts supposed to belong entirely to their mothers.

The actual slaves of the country were either captives newly taken in war, or the children of slaves ; but their descendants, after the third or fourth generation, were reckoned as free-born. War was, to a great extent, carried on for the sake of making captives ; and on this account the king had often difficulty in restraining his soldiers from extending their raiding expeditions mercilessly, when once he had banded them together to attack any chief. I never saw Msidi to better advantage than when, one day addressing his own nephew, he declared his indignation against him because, having been sent out to attack a rebel chief, he had afterwards raided some peaceful Lamba villages to enrich himself with slaves. He ordered his nephew to go and attack a powerful tribe to the north of his territory, who had long defied him, as the only way of redeeming his character for bravery. And he declared that cowardice alone had led his nephew to attack the undefended Lamba people.

Large numbers of slaves were brought into the capital every year by returning war parties, and were sold to Arab traders from Zanzibar and to Ovimbundu traders from Bihé. Strong young men have been sold for ten

or twelve yards of cotton cloth. Children able to walk were perhaps worth a little, but infants were considered a drug in the market, and it was generally to the advantage of the slave-dealers to make away with them. They will not often allow a mother to carry her own child, thinking to employ her more profitably by making her carry ivory or food ; and so these little ones were generally cast out to the hyenas or thrown into the rivers. Children with sores on their feet were of no value, and were often left out in the bush for the hyenas to carry off. Something had to be done. Chinze, a little girl unable to walk, was my first rescued waif. Then an infant of two years who had been thrown away. Then three little boys between four and five years were thrust on my hands. As the grass grew long, leopards haunted my village. I had to bolt and bar the eight children into one hut as soon as the sun went down. The children tied me so that I could not go round in search of food every three months ; and yet more food was required. Msidi, hearing of my waifs, gave me a large " oshila " of millet ; this was sufficient to keep the wolf from the door for several months.

One day I had a child brought to me. The poor thing belonged to a blacksmith, who some time ago sold its mother for corn to the king's executioner. The corn was not enough to cover the price of the child, so he kept it out of the bargain. The fact was, the " hangman " did not want a slave with a baby on her back, so would not buy the child, though an extra basket of corn would have sufficed. The blacksmith, who has no wife, found he could do nothing with this baby, and instead of knocking it on the head—for who would buy so young a thing ?—he sent it to me, asking me to give a goat for him. I could not help myself in the matter, so sent a young goat in exchange. Poor little boy (we will call him Willie), he had been deceived, for they said they were taking him to his mother, and he cried long and bitterly, "*N'twala ko māmā* " ("Take me to mother").

In Luba the word for mother is exactly like our "mama," the *a*'s being very broad and emphatic. He is a plump, healthy little chap, with a fine-shaped head, greatly afraid of me as yet.

The following is the story of two little girls that were added to my family: One year, when Msidi's warriors were ransacking the district around Katapena, Lubaland, they surprised and carried off a number of children who were playing and bathing in a pool near their village. Among them were two girls, Mwepo and Delunga, who had been fast friends and constant playmates; but the rough hands of Msidi's soldiers now separated them, and they were carried off in different directions. Three years after, I happened to be sitting in Msidi's yard talking with him, when a company of slaves were brought in. They were the belongings of someone who had recently died, and were brought to Msidi to be distributed among the relatives of the deceased man. The youngest of the slaves, a little girl nine years of age, was suffering from painful ulcers on the soles of her feet. After giving away the healthy ones, Msidi turned and asked if I could do anything with this suffering child; so I took her up to my cottage, dressed her sores, and after a little care and nursing she recovered.

A few months later I happened again to be sitting beside Msidi, when a little girl entered the yard and threw herself down at some distance from the chief's feet, rubbing dust on her forehead and arms. Msidi told her to look up, and asked where she came from and what did she want. She said that she had run away from her mistress because she had been severely beaten the day before. It seems that she had travelled all night from the Lunsala, six or eight miles down the Bunkeya. Some of Msidi's breakfast lay in a dish; this I handed in pity to the poor thing, and in a short time I rose up and left. Upon looking back, I saw the little girl following me, in charge of one of Msidi's young men, who told me that Msidi had sent the child after me, saying that if

she was afraid of being beaten she had better follow the white man. So on she came with me to my cottage. I handed her over to the care of the other little girl, Mwepo, when, to my astonishment, they flew into each other's arms, embracing one another and weeping. The two Luba free-born children had met again in my cottage after each had passed through her own three years of unmixed sorrow and hardship.

The wastage of human life in order to procure slaves was very terrible. When camped near to a Samba village a war party came along, and I was horrified to find that in one raid, forty fine strong men had been killed in order to drive off certainly not more than forty women and children, for many had fled to the forest.

The most trivial offence—as in the fable of the wolf and the lamb—was made the pretext for the stronger to pounce on the weaker. On one occasion Msidi declared war on a Luba chief because he was reported to have said derisively that Msidi “ate cooked beans with his two hands.” At the end of this war the “impudent” Luba chief was caught and killed, and his skin brought to Msidi as a trophy. Then a great gala was arranged. The victorious soldiers performed their “tomboka” dance. The American “cake-walk” is undoubtedly a survival of this savage boastful performance. Sitting on a platform carried on the shoulders of twenty slaves, his feet resting on the skin of his rival, his head crowned with tier upon tier of bright red parrot-tail feathers, Msidi himself was brought into the great circle of painted warriors. A tremendous outburst of applause, drumming and clash of weapons greeted him. At such times he kept up a peculiar animal-like chuckle, holding a small mug between his thumb and two fingers, which he seldom drank from and seldom laid down while the excitement lasted.

*CHAPTER XVIII.**“Medical” Mission Work. Kazembe.*

THE more I became occupied heart and hand with “the binding up of the broken-hearted, the delivering of the captive, and the preaching of the Gospel to the poor,” the more scope there seemed to be for such service, and somehow or other all that was necessary in the way of food came in.

Msidi's great town was in many parts a reeking slumdom of disease. My fame (?) as a doctor had by this time spread abroad. So that when I walked down through Bunkeya the sick and suffering would be brought out to waylay me. Often under a roadside shelter I had to perform small operations, the most serious being the cutting off of a man's hand by the wrist joint. Msidi began to take an interest in this sort of work too, and did much to improve the cleanliness of the town. One day, however, he went beyond his medical adviser. A man and his wife returned from a visit to relatives in Lubaland, infected with small-pox. As soon as the old chief heard of it he sent his young men to kill the sick couple and burn their bodies in their hut. Nothing more was heard of the small-pox, and indeed, if any others had taken the disease, their friends would have hid them away in the forest until they had recovered.

I had also to attend the court as often as possible when cases were tried, so as to learn the language, or rather languages. Here the old chief often showed himself to be a Solomon in his judgments. His sentences were carried out there and then, and the executioners were always present with their ropes and beheading axes and with lions' manes on their heads. Once Msidi rose and cut the criminal's throat from ear to ear with his

own hand. The trial of the chief Kazembe, of the Luapula, a friend of Dr. Livingstone's, was a long and painful experience. One of Msidi's head-wives had an old grudge against Kazembe; "had he not killed her father and brothers and destroyed her tribe?"

Nothing would appease her but Kazembe's head on a stake. So although Msidi, like Herod of old, was inclined to let him off, yet for his wife's sake he ordered Kazembe's execution. The condemned man was allowed to return to his hut and prepare himself, choosing his own time to hand himself over to the executioners. I sat with him outside his hut door while his wives and young men shaved his head and beard, trimmed his finger and toe nails, and washed his body and limbs, anointing him with scented palm oil. He sat through it all without moving a muscle, or showing the slightest concern. I spoke to him repeatedly, and my last words were, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." The four executioners were sitting meanwhile in a row. When I rose and shook hands for the last time, Kazembe rose from his seat, and as I left him he quietly walked over to the executioners and gave himself up. They threw him roughly on the ground, bound him like a pig to an extra long pole—as Kazembe stood considerably over six feet in height—and with groans and animal grunts they carried him off to the bush, where they struck his head off as he lay fastened to the pole. I had hardly reached my house ere the doleful procession of executioners passed by on their way to Kangofu, with Kazembe's head on a pike, carrying it to the offended queen. Among those executioners was one who afterwards entered my employment. When with Mr. Crawford at Lake Mweru, he was brightly converted and became a noble witness for Christ. His name was Mishe-mishe.

In connection with another gruesome execution that I need not detail here, I met a daughter of Msidi, who also became one of the brightest and most intelligent

native converts I ever met. Her name was Mwewa ; she married Pokanwa.

Msidi gave me the hint one day that the old fetish doctors were my great enemies, and that if I ever fell sick I was not to take medicine from these men, as they would certainly poison me. The following account of a narrow escape I had of my life at the hands of one of these doctor's hirelings verified his words. Returning from the Lukurruwe, when well in front of my men, I lay down under a bush to rest and await their overtaking me. As I lay flat on my back with my hands under my head, I heard a slight noise, and, thinking that perhaps one of my men had come along, I sat up. Then supporting myself on the ground with my hand in which I held a soft felt hat, I had risen to my knee ere I noticed that a spear had passed through the rim of my hat, pinning it to the ground. The spear had doubtless been thrown at me while I lay prostrate, but by rising I had avoided it. We took the spear to Msidi, and his young men "detectives" traced it to a fetish doctor. The assassin that this man had employed confessed that he had tracked me for two months. Surely the angels of the Lord were encamped round about me that day.

I had another narrow escape from death about the same time. We were visiting some Luba villages that were at war with each other. One day, while I was leading my men, we were overtaken by a storm, and I started to run towards a village for shelter. We were all jogging along as quickly as possible, when one big fellow, who had been acting as our guide, with a few long strides bounded in front of me, and took the lead. He had hardly done so when four spears flashed out from a clump of bushes, and all fastened into the back of my poor guide. We had stumbled into an ambush, and, humanly speaking, but for this man's quick sense of danger the spears would have been hurled into my back. Our guide died that evening. We never saw our assailants.

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters at Last. Messrs. Swan and Faulkner.
Home once more.

Two years had now gone by since my coming to the Garenganze, and I was looking out, sometimes anxiously, for the return of my carriers. A rumour had reached me of a white man called "Monare's brother" being on the way to join me. But weeks had passed since without my hearing any more of this vague report. My supply of calico had given out months ago. Beads and cartridges were nearly all gone, clothes were at the last gasp, and boots of my own make had been my only foot-wear for a long time. Once when sadly footsore and longing for the comfort of a pair of boots, I committed myself, or rather my Master, by saying to my boys one evening, that God could send me a pair of boots if I asked Him. They took up the challenge in their own way, so we prayed for boots; and sure enough a pair of boots were at my door the next morning. Molenga, Msidi's nephew, living twenty miles away, had had a pair of boots lying by him since he returned from Bihé some years before. That night he had decided to send them to me, hoping that I would be able to give him something that would be more useful to him than boots. It so happened that they fitted me perfectly.

I remember at another time taking up the challenge of my carriers as to God's power to give us food, for we were all starving. We were crossing the Chansamina plain, with no trees in sight and no chance of stalking game. One of my men after another took up the shout of "Where is now your God?" so for once I felt it right to stop and answer them in the only way they could understand. I would ask God to give us food in this

desert. No sooner had I done so than I noticed that a few yards in front of me there were a few palm leaves growing in a clump. The carriers had hardly shouldered their loads when an antelope sprang from behind the palm leaves and came rushing towards us. Seeing his mistake he paused for an instant, when I shot him dead. So that within five minutes of my prayer food was provided. For three days before I had been walking in front of my men hunting assiduously without any success.

But "it is a long lane that has no turning." One morning a messenger came to my house, and without any ceremony he walked straight in and handed me a packet of letters. I soon learned that Messrs. C. A. Swan and Wm. Faulkner had arrived in the country and would soon be with me.

The parcel of letters was almost too much of a good thing; they included forty-five from my mother alone.

Soon we three met—**December 16th, 1887**—and what a day we had of real Gospel triumph! There in the heart of the continent, standing holding each other by the hand, we sang, "Jesus shall reign."

But these mountain-top experiences had soon to give place to every-day hum-drum and hard work. Mr. Faulkner at once took charge of my little orphanage. Mr. Swan set to work to make the station a little more like what a mission station ought to be. He soon picked up sufficient Chiluba to get on with the chief and his people. So after spending two months with my brethren, I returned to Bihé *en route* for home. If the foothold now secured was to be maintained, more helpers would be required and stations must be opened along the line of route.

At the Lualaba crossing there was no canoe available, the ferryman happened to be on the other side. But we were entertained with an exhibition of hand and arm signalling, as the man on the east bank told the man on the west bank where we had come from, the number

of our company, the number of our loads, and the pay offered.

When passing through the Samba country a little boy fell behind and disappeared. In vain we searched the forest for him.

One of my men also lost his meal carrier, a little boy full of fun. Running on in front one day he climbed a tall tree to harry a bird's nest. With a long reach of the arm he was just able to put his two fingers into the nest, when he suddenly fell to the ground. When the men reached him he was dead ; but two little punctures on his finger, like the holes of a shirt button, told their tale. A venomous snake, lying coiled in the nest, had bitten him. I thought of the scene in the desert. The bitten Israelites were not invited to come to Aaron in the Tabernacle—there would have been no time for this ; but for them there was "life for a look." Only some such remedy could have saved the life of this African boy.

Nearly every day we were delayed, bridging swollen rivers, so our journey westward was slow. Then we heard that Kangombe, the Lovale chief, was on the war path blocking the road, but that my brave lady friend, Nana Kandundu, had gathered her people together to oppose him and send him back to his own country. "What had he to do interfering with her Balunda?" When she passed my camp with her braves I shouted words of encouragement with the rest of my men. I said I would not leave the country until she returned victorious, and if she was beaten she was to flee to my camp and we would die together.

Kangombe, by his raidings, had turned the greater part of the Lunda country into a desert, and this was the first attempt at putting a stop to his wickedness. I felt sure that there would be no fighting, and so it turned out. Nana Kandundu encamped across his path with a large following, and when Kangombe came along a few distant shots were exchanged, then he said he had

not left home to fight with his mother. His medicines were not prepared in order to meet such an emergency, so that he would exchange presents and return home again.

But the most serious affair was encountered on the day we crossed the Lumese. Chiyuka, one of the chief of Bihé's most trusted captains and traders, was traveling before us with a large quantity of ivory belonging to his master. A Lovale war party waylaid him, and robbed him of his ivory, killing sixteen of his porters and making Chiyuka a prisoner. I arrived in time to help to bind up the wounded, taking Chiyuka under my special care; and at last, by parting with personal clothing and a blanket, I secured his release. Chiyuka paid me back in full. Indeed, as we shall see later on, in the mercy of God the preservation of both life and property was traceable to this opportunity of doing Chiyuka a good turn when much in need.

At Boma I too had a little war party awaiting me; through the indiscretion of Cinyama on the inward journey, my one-time friend was now suing me for damages. We held out against a siege for days. Then the Chokwe warriors managed to steal a girl who had ventured to the river for water. With that they seemed to be satisfied, and willing to let us go on our way. We did so, solemnly declaring to the chief that we would certainly return for the slave girl they had stolen.

Passing through Bihé I arranged with Senhor Porto to forward the supplies that I would send up from the coast to our two brethren in the Garenganze. This the old gentleman was able to do. The voyage home *viâ* Lisbon was uneventful, and I arrived safely in September, 1888, seven years and a few months from my first setting out.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

The Trials of a Large Party of Missionaries.

THE fact that Messrs. Swan and Faulkner were alone in the Garenganze with only a limited amount of supplies, made it impossible for me to remain more than a few months at home. During that time I met many friends interested in hearing of the open door given to us along the comparatively healthy watershed lying between the Zambesi and the Congo river systems. From among the many generally interested, twelve were willing, in answer to what they believed the Lord's call, to rise up and leave all and go.

At a farewell meeting in the Exeter Hall, London, on March 19th, 1889, the late Mr. Henry Groves exhorted us from Hebrews x. 36, "Ye have need of patience." And the late Dr. Neatby reminded us of how Paul "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

The question of transport from the coast town of Benguella to the interior ever loomed before me as our greatest difficulty, so Messrs. Lane, Crawford, Geo. Fisher and my wife and I, went on in advance, leaving my brother-in-law, Dr. Fisher, and Mr. Morris to come on with the larger party.

After a short rest between Benguella and Catumbella, and having been able to purchase a horse and a donkey and employ four or five carriers, my wife and I left for Bailundu, where we hoped to visit the chief Ekwikwi in his war camp, and persuade him to allow us to collect carriers. This "great man" was able, it seemed, to block the caravan road for a year or two at a time, and

only by paying a heavy blackmail was it possible for the Portuguese to take their ivory and rubber to the coast. After travelling for fourteen days we arrived at the war camp, where all was drunkenness and great swelling words of brag and boast as to the prowess of Ekwikwi, and of how the white man was tributary to him. At my first interview I did not make much progress, but he gave us a hut and we settled down to the difficult task of trying to soften his hard heart. It so happened that a friend in Demerara had sent me a very fine hammock, made entirely by Indians. When the chief saw me hang it up he coveted it greedily. So next day I repeated my request and gave him the hammock. Nothing could have been more effective. He granted all I wanted. So after taking my wife to the American mission station at Bailundu, I set out on my horse, and was able to collect 150 carriers by dint of hard canvassing in many villages scattered over a mountainous region.

When I arrived at Benguella I was grieved to hear of the death of Mr. R. J. Johnston, of the north of Ireland, an earnest, devoted man. He lies buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery there, making thus the first of a chain of graves that now stretches from Benguella to Chiromo on the Shiré river.

After much to do in rationing hungry men, attending to the sick, packing and repacking, a start was made. The ladies of the party travelled in hammocks; the men had to ride and walk by turns. Mr. G. Fisher owned a riding ox, Mr. Morris a mule, and my horse and donkey made up the animal outfit. Strange to say, some fifteen years later I heard a convert in Bihé bring those four animals into the story of his first convictions. He had, it appeared, left the coast some weeks after we did, and had been curious enough to make out the footprints of our animals from day to day. Then a strange impression grew upon him in answer to the daily question of who were the men who

rode these animals, and where were they going? Were we somehow or other in search of him? When at last he found that we had made our camp opposite to his village, this conviction deepened. He came over to visit us with a present, and prepared to listen seriously to all that we had to say. But the love of strong drink swallowed him up for twelve years, and not until reduced by poverty and disease would he yield to the love of Christ, strong to conquer even a drink-sodden Ocimbundu.

Our journey inland proved to be exceedingly trying and difficult. The ascent from the coast was continuous for six days, and the passes narrow and boulder-strewn. A wild, marauding tribe lives among these hills and passes. They collect gum copal, used for the manufacture of the finest carriage varnish, and steal from stray carriers.

We were not all able to find tent accommodation at night, and the brethren had often to be content with very rough shelters.

But the evening camp meetings were always refreshing. The men gathered round to listen, and some argued thoughtfully. Mr. Morris had been declaring one evening—I interpreting—that in Christ we had eternal life. A burly porter begged to differ from him, for “did not all die?” Mr. Morris then took hold of the flesh on his hand and explained that his body was but the “hut” of the soul, it would die and return to the earth; but the soul that belonged to Jesus Christ would never see death. Little did our dear brother know how soon his short word of testimony was to be sealed by his death. For we had hardly gone into camp at a place called Utalama, when Mr. Morris developed malarial fever. He and Mr. Gall—another of our party—died the same evening, and were buried in the same grave. Miss Davies, Miss Gilchrist and others were laid down with fever at the same time, so that we can never forget Utalama camp, or the dark night of torrential rain and

storm that accompanied the death of our two beloved friends. Mr. George Fisher and Dr. Fisher were constant in their attentions to the sick, and we were soon able to begin our journey again. Mrs. Morris decided to return to her children, and Geo. Fisher and Miss Davies remained to accompany her at least to the coast, if not home to England.

The early rains were now upon us, so when the veldt was putting on its first coat of green, and everything was telling of renewal and repair, we arrived in Bihé, pitching our camp at Kuanjulula, where Senhor Silva Porto had directed us to build. We were now three hundred miles from the coast and about 6000 feet above sea level. After sending on a few loads with trusty natives to Messrs. Swan and Faulkner, we decided to remain in Bihé until the return of dry weather.

CHAPTER II.

Native Rising. Six Months' Anxiety.

MEANS of transport was still our difficulty ; we had invested in ten mules, and Dr. Fisher bravely undertook to bring them up from the coast laden with trade salt. But all had to own that mule transport was a failure, and that we had better be content with the few porters available. The chief of Bihé, whom I had known, died when I was at home. His successor took the proud name of "Chindunduma-wa ndumisa-ofeka," which might be interpreted, "The terror-who-makes-the-earth-tremble." And so "The Terror" began to fulminate ; first of all the white man was to be cleared out of his country, were he Portuguese or English. The appearance of the venerable Senhor Porto at our camp early one morning was the first intimation we received of the clean sweeping of this "new broom." Our old friend had walked twelve miles to tell us that an "army" was actually on its way to plunder and expel us from the country.

With difficulty we persuaded him to take some refreshment, but he would not remain. I returned to the top of my house, where I had been busy thatching. From this convenient look-out I saw that a band of well-armed men had left the pathway, and were deploying, native fashion, to the left of our encampment. They were making no attempt to surround us, but evidently hoped that we would run westward, in the direction from which we had come. Going out to meet them as quickly as possible, taking two goats with me for the "young men" to begin on, I was surprised to find Chikuya in charge of the "warriors," the last man to order us about our business, seeing I had redeemed him from the hands

of the Balovale but a few months before. He looked sheepishly at me and confessed that he did not know that I was the same white man; he thought that the "Monare" who had rescued him had gone away to Europe. Chikuya called in his men, and told them to be content with the two goats, while he came with me to our camp alone to eat a hearty breakfast. I soon sent him back to his master, and my wife and I followed, carrying a good present with us to "open the chief's mouth"; for the suspected man has always to pay the accuser among the Ovimbundu, so as to induce him to state his case. Chindunduma had really no case against us; he had heard it reported that we had brought soldiers into his country disguised as carriers, and besides, what did so many "Englesa" want in Bihé if it was not to build a fort? When we left him he repeated solemnly, "it is only your God who has saved you." The lion, missing his first spring, left us alone, and turned his attention to the Portuguese. Chikuya and his "army" proceeded to lay siege to Senhor Porto's village. The poor old man could not bear the reproach of it. To think that he, after spending over sixty years in Bihé, should be insulted in this way! So wrapping himself in the Portuguese flag, and lying down on a litter of thirteen kegs of gunpowder, he blew himself through the roof of his house, falling some distance off. Dr. Fisher and I were at once sent for, and my brother-in-law remained with him until he died early the following morning from shock.

The rout and plunder of the Portuguese, however, was complete. But how should we be able to account to the Portuguese Authorities for our being spared, and their own people expelled? Knowing that this was only the beginning of troubles, it was decided that Messrs. Thompson, Lane and Crawford should proceed on their journey to the Garenganze as quickly as possible, taking all the calico and provisions we had, with them, while

I returned to Benguela to lay our side of the story before the Portuguese Governor, Dr. Fisher remaining in charge at Kuanjulula.

The Governor was most considerate ; he owned to a good deal of suspicion, and told me that Commander Paiva, who was then on his way to Bihé with 1000 foot soldiers and ninety mounted Boers, had a warrant with him for my arrest. But after listening to my story the Governor decided to send a message at once after the expedition to urge the Commander to take no steps in the matter unless he found positive evidence against me on his arrival in Bihé.

I returned to Bihé with much-needed supplies of food and calico, and we quietly awaited the coming of the Portuguese army, which was travelling very slowly owing to heavy waggon transports and much sickness among the cattle. Chindunduma's big town was attacked on the 4th of November, 1890, and the Ovimbundu fled, after a feeble resistance. Chindunduma took refuge in a dense forest to the south-east. Chinguangua, chief of the district where we were encamped, fought bravely, they say, and then fled to our mission station for refuge. I had just hidden him under my faithful Dick's bed, when a company of mounted Boers came after him in hot pursuit. They were all very tired with the day's fighting, and gladly accepted the meal that my wife prepared for them. Then, without asking any awkward questions, they mounted their horses and rode on. A miserable desultory warfare was now kept up for some weeks in order to compel the people to give up their chief. Commander Paiva could not return without him. At last a truce was asked for by a number of chiefs, who met by common consent in our camp at Kuanjulula, and the Portuguese granted it, provided the time was spent in persuading Chindunduma to give himself up. This the chiefs of Northern Bihé promised to do. Twelve hundred men gathered in one night, to "save the country," but they were afraid of meeting some of the Boer Com-

mandos, and refused to go in search of Chindunduma unless I accompanied them, so off we went. We found the poor boastful chief trembling like a leaf, although he had a group of young men with him all armed with modern rifles. I insisted that before we could deliver the Commander's message these weapons must all be laid aside, and he meekly handed me his own, which the Portuguese afterwards allowed me to keep. Chindunduma was only too thankful to hear that his life would be preserved, and that he could have with him all the members of his family he might care to take. Late in the evening as it was, Chindunduma was impatient to be off, and the next day we arrived at Commander Paiva's camp. Peace was at once declared; and five bales of calico were sent over to Kuanjulula to be divided among the loyal chiefs.



TYPES OF MISSION HOUSES.

CHAPTER III.

More Help from Home. Nana Kandundu Occupied.

ALL was over in good time, for, to our great joy, news came of other two companies of helpers setting out from home. Mr. and Mrs. Bird from Canada, Mr. F. Schindler from London, and Miss Darling—now Mrs. Fisher—composed the first 1891 party. They had all set their hearts on opening a station at Nana Kandundu's capital. Miss Darling gave place to Miss Gilchrist; and soon a move was made towards the Quanza river. Mr. H. B. Thompson arrived at this time from the Garenganze, and from him we heard of all the troubles that were threatening Msidi's mushroom empire. Mr. Thompson turned and joined our party.

All went well with our big caravan until we had entered the Lovale country, when small-pox broke out among the men. The natives along the road looked upon our camp as polluted, and had we left any of the sick behind us they would have been killed and burned. After struggling on for several days, carrying our sick from camp to camp, we decided on leaving the sick, Mr. Schindler offering to remain to guard them, while the rest of us pushed on to our destination. Sixty carriers took the disease, and twenty died; this out of a caravan of 200 men was a heavy blow.

On arriving at the old queen's village, we pitched our camp by the side of the Kavungu stream, which has since given its name to the mission station. Then we began the serious business of asking and receiving permission to build a "mission camp." The missionaries gave the queen a suitable present, and Nana Kandundu gave an ox in return. The following ceremony was gone through as a sort of guarantee of good faith. With

my gun I shot the animal, while the queen stood with her hand on my right shoulder, and her consort with his hand on my left shoulder. The idea seemed to be that the act of shooting the ox together sealed our friendship.

In a few days Mr. Bird had comfortable shelters built, planks split for tables, shelves, and what not, garden fencing brought in, poles cut for permanent buildings. In connection with the opening of this station of Kavungu, three incidents occurred that affected the work of the Lord in other parts of the continent in no ordinary way.

An Ocimbundu trader, Sacitota, had been killed in the Luba country by the dreaded "Bula Matari" (Belgians), and his slaves had escaped to the Lovale country, dragging or carrying, in a starved and dying condition, Sacitota's more recent purchases. A poor child, who had been carried over a man's shoulder until his spine had a bend to the side, so that the child could neither sit nor stand, was brought to me. They would have given him to me, but, to make good my claim in case the child recovered, I paid his owner the price of a small goat. Ngoi—for that was his name—gradually recovered; he rode behind me nearly all the way to Bihé; several times a day I so adjusted bandages and splints that he recovered entirely. He was a useful little house-boy, and a bright scholar in my wife's school. Then he became attached to Mr. D. Campbell, who spoke of him as "a pillar of the church" in the Vemba country. Mr. Campbell wrote a short history of Ngoi, who died a few years ago. Only last year a group of seven converts were found standing steadfast in a lonely village ever since a visit paid by Ngoi years before.

The second case of peculiar interest was that of Pokanwa. When Mr. Thompson left us he pushed on to the Garenganze in the face of rumours of wars and trouble. After crossing the Lualaba he met with Pokanwa, an East Coast trader, who had been robbed

of all his belongings and was now fleeing for his life. Mr. Thompson assisted him to cross the Lualaba, and directed him to take refuge with Messrs. Bird and Schindler. It was not the first time that this East Coast Mohammedan trader had sought for the protection of a mission station. In 1889 the German, Italian, and British fleets combined to blockade the East Coast of Africa so as to put a stop to the gun and powder trade. Pokanwa was sent, I believe, by a big Arab trader, to purchase gunpowder from the Portuguese on the West Coast. He arrived in Bihé when the war of 1890 broke out, and sought refuge with the missionaries at Kuanjulula. No impression, however, was made upon him at that time, and when the troubles were over he bought his gunpowder and started for home. But now, starving and naked, he not only took refuge with the missionaries, but turned from Mohammed to Christ, for whom he became a living and powerful witness. So it took the blockading of the East Coast of Africa by three nations to bring about the conversion of this African Mohammedan.

The third case connected with these early beginnings was that of Sanji, a native of Bihé, who had travelled with us to the interior, and was one of the worst of the small-pox cases that recovered. When able to open his eyes and take a little food, he was surprised to find that it was one of the white missionaries that had nursed him back to life, and that all his own brothers had forsaken him. Shortly after his return to Bihé he was converted, and had to endure rough handling from his relatives, who left him one day in the veldt bruised and bleeding. After remaining for some time at the mission station, Sanji turned up one morning packed and ready for the road. A fable of their own, he said, had spoken to him in the night time. The fable told how, during a year of drought, when all the rivers and springs dried up, the animals came together to hold a conference to decide as to what they should do. The major animals

stood in a great circle and solemnly declared that they could do nothing, they must all die. At this a humble tortoise, who had slowly crawled into the ring, croaked out that they need not die; he knew where they would find water. On hearing this the leopard attacked the tortoise fiercely, finally throwing him far outside of the conference ring. But the tortoise rose and crawled back to the circle, repeating, "I know where there is water." It was now the elephant's turn to show his indignation against the tortoise for daring to lift his voice in such an august assembly. With this he trod on the tortoise, but the sand was soft and his shell hard, and when the elephant passed over, he rose and returned to the great assembly, croaking out the same message.

This time a thirsty antelope lowered his head, and huskily pleaded with the tortoise to lead him to the water. So off they started, and there in an underground cavern the antelope drank and lived, and bounded back and called all the other animals. "Now," said Sanji quietly, "my friends may treat me as they like. I must go back to them, for I know where there is water."

While we were occupied with the Nana Kandundu party, much progress was being made in Bihé in the way of evangelizing among the villages. Mr. Joseph Lynn and Mr. and Mrs. Murrain had arrived full of zeal.

In British Guiana, from which country the Murrains had come, quite a wave of interest had sprung up among the descendants of Africans, and many volunteered to carry the Gospel back to their own people. This led to Dr. Johnston, of Jamaica, attempting to create a similar interest in the congregations he was connected with. The result was, that after corresponding with me for some time, he came over with six strong men, hoping to leave them at different mission stations. But after much trouble in procuring transports, and much expense, these good men from Jamaica were soon glad to go home again. Without an exception, I think I am right in

saying, they were good men ; their conduct was without reproach ; but the plan of leaving them one by one at different stations had the effect of producing in each an unconquerable home-sickness.

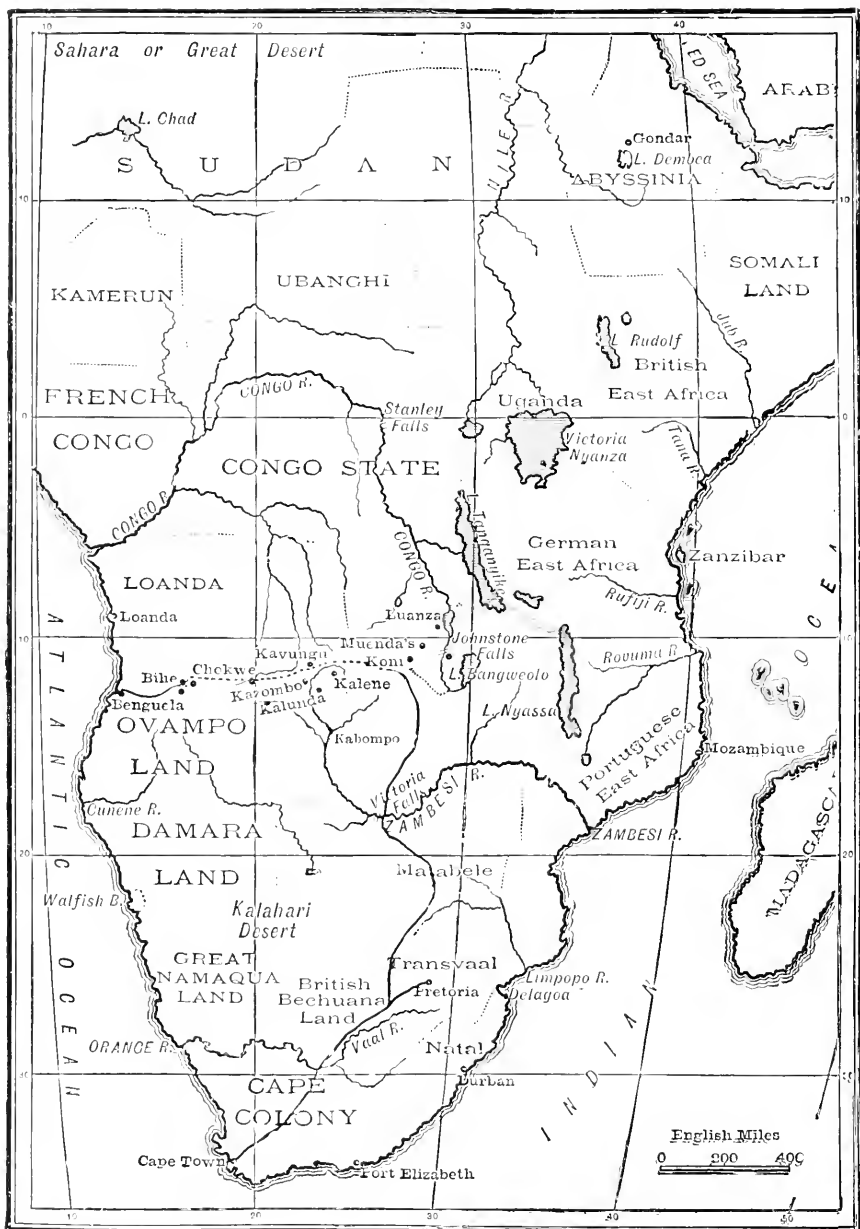
An account of a trip to the Ondulu country to the north of Bihé must complete this section of my story. We started off with our little daughter Rachel and a few carriers to explore this populous district. On every hand troops of people turned out to see us. Our first camp was on the site of the station now known as Ohualondo, where Mr. and Mrs. Murrain have been able to spend twenty years of fruitful service.

When at the capital of Ondulu, a violent storm broke over our camp, and Dick and I had to turn out in the rain to hold the tent down, while my wife clung to Baby. The heavy limb of a tree fell and grazed the tent, blocking up the entrance to the king's hut at the same time. After all was over a diviner had to come to explain the cause of such a terrible disaster. Whatever was coming on the country ? A passing demon (the storm) had torn this huge arm off one of their sacred trees and thrown it against the chief's front door, so that he could not come out, nor his people go in to him ! The diviner said that it was undoubtedly an evil omen. I then had my say, and explained how God had wrought a merciful deliverance for the chief as well as for my wife and child, in that the tree just missed both my tent and his house.

Yielding now to the urgent advice of my brother-in-law, I decided to take a long rest at home after these ten years of travel and strain. A gift of £100, sent through the late Mrs. H. G. Guinness, towards my personal expenses, made this possible. It was a great trial to my wife to leave the work and her little school. Several of her scholars have grown up to be earnest men and women and helpers of others. One young man, Voñgula, who came to her school in those early days, has been used more than any other native evangelist

in Bihé. Another who professed to receive first impressions from her teaching, afterwards inherited a small chieftainship, and became a leader not only among his own people, but over a wide area in connection with the American mission station at Cisamba. He has built schoolrooms, and endured imprisonment for the Gospel's sake,

ROUTE MAP WITH PART III.



For explanation see note on page vii.

PART III.

Captain Stairs' Letter. Mr. Cobbe and I set out to reach the Garenganze by the East Coast Route.

DURING 1893 and the early months of 1894, letters from the field told of trials and difficulties besetting the workers. Mr. Joseph Lynn's promising career had been cut short by the bite of a mad dog. The station in the Garenganze seemed to be isolated for the time being, owing to the occupation of that country by Captain Stairs on behalf of the Congo Free State. The following letter from him is the only published account given by him of that important event, as he died shortly after :—

FORT BUNKEYA,

29th December, 1891.

DEAR MR. ARNOT,—I don't know whether you have received a letter from Sir Wm. Mackinnon concerning my movements in this country or not. However, he was to have written to you *viâ* West Coast, imagining that you were still somewhere in Msiri's country. I send this by Domingo to let you know how this place is getting on, and also to ask several things of you. First, I am sent here by the King of Belgium to arrange matters in this country. I arrived on the 14th and asked Msiri to take the flag of the State, which he refused. On the 19th I put it up in spite of him. The next day he was to make blood-brotherhood with me, but refused to come, so I sent two officers and 100 men *to tell* him to come. He refused, ordered his men to cock their guns, and drew his sword, one which I had given him as a present only a few days before. On this Capt. Bodson, one of my officers, drew his revolver and shot Msiri* dead. There was great commotion, but the country is now quiet and breathes freely, since relieved from the brutal tyranny of Msiri. No more heads will be stuck on poles, ears cut off, or people buried alive, if I can help it. Thompson, Crawford and Lane will have free scope, and no longer be "Msiri's white slaves," as he told me they were.

With good wishes, I am sincerely yours,

W. E. STAIRS,

(*Captain Commanding Expedition of Katanga*).

* Msiri, the same name as Msidi.

Mwenda, the son of Msidi, was recognized as chief in his father's stead, and a Belgium officer remained as magistrate. The Congo Free State Government at first forced the natives to scatter, and in July, 1894, Messrs. Thompson and Crawford decided to remove to Lake Mweru, taking with them a host of "adherents," men, women and children.

Hearing of this move, I set out in August of the same year with Mr. Benjamin Cobbe to carry supplies to the missionaries by the East Coast. Landing at Chinde, the mouth of the Zambesi river, we embarked in the African Lakes Corporation's steamer, "George Stevenson."

River travelling in Africa is always restful and interesting. We often ran aground on sand-banks and remained fast for an hour or two; at such times the crew would have to jump into the water and help to push off, the captain leaving the bridge and urging the men to "pusha" with a long stick.

A fellow-passenger, also a missionary, seemed very nervous about our anchoring in mid-stream at night, viewing the gurgling water as it passed us with horror; he dreaded being drowned, he told me, above all things. It was only a few weeks after that I heard he had been drowned when crossing Lake Nyassa in a sailing-boat.

On the Shiré river we passed villages built by the Makololo who had travelled to the mouth of the Zambesi with Dr. Livingstone. They had, in fact, taken over the country they had settled in, in proper African fashion, and were reigning as kings; for a few months or years spent in the service of a good white man are not sufficient to soften the African towards his fellows. The company of natives who carried Livingstone's body to Zanzibar used their dead master's rifles in slave-hunting and in "painting the country red" until they were well round the south end of Lake Tanganyika, when the fear of the armed Arab and Vanyamwese fell upon them. One has often met with "Mission boys," who have been educated and belong now to "the white man tribe,"



Mission Compound & Village.



Sun dried mud brick building.

plundering the raw bush dwellers promiscuously. No, the conversion of the African seems from one point of view to be a very simple matter: they are so keen in their desire to read and to imbibe all that is taught them. But probably in no other mission field throughout the whole world do numbers count for so little.

All along this Blantyre and Lake Nyassa route, we saw something of the remarkable progress made by the Scotch Presbyterian missionaries.

The little river steamer we travelled in was not able to take us very far up the Shiré river, so we were compelled to complete the journey to Lake Nyassa by boat. As we neared the lake we had to run the gauntlet of one or two hostile villages. At one point we had to land, as the channel was completely blocked by hippos. I shot one, hoping that the others would move off. But the old bull of the herd landed in a rage, and came running along the sandy shore of the river to destroy our boat. I ran to meet him with my rifle, Cobbe following me with cartridges. My first few shots seemed of no avail; they glanced off his great skull; so, as a last effort, I knelt on one knee, and was able thus to sight his chest and to plant a bullet in it that must have pierced the heart, for he rolled over sideways, to our great relief, and fell into the river. When our men began to cut up the hippo, throwing the offal into the river, with parts of the meat they did not want, we witnessed a most extraordinary sight. About twenty large crocodiles came racing through the water from all directions and fought over the meat.

Next day, when passing a British outpost, a voice hailed me, asking for reading matter. I landed, and was delighted to find that the young officer in charge, who had only recently come from India, was a true lover of the Lord. I happened to be reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; this I gave him, although sorry to part with my one precious copy. We read a chapter of the Bible and prayed together, and I pushed on to

overtake Cobbe's boat. That night, at the advice of the young officer, we camped, or rather anchored, in the middle of a shallow lake covered with thousands of water fowl, so as to avoid the risk of meeting with bands of hostile natives that were roving about.

The day following we reached Lake Nyassa and went on board the s.s. "Domira." Mr. Chalmers, the captain, an "1859 revival" convert, was a delightful man; he gave us a hearty welcome. In his younger days he had owned a fishing smack that sailed from Rothesay, but a storm swept all his nets away one day, and he had to compromise with his creditors, to his great regret. With the one desire to pay them back in full, he faced all the trials and privations of Central Africa. The happy day at last came when he paid them their twenty shillings to the pound with interest. And he showed me the watch his creditors had subscribed to give him, with a suitable inscription upon it. No matter who came on board Captain Chalmers' steamer, all had to join in the evening "worship."

Lake Nyassa was still in the hands of the slave-dealers, and Arab *dhow*s were to be seen cutting across the lake. One morning we saw from the deck of the steamer a large *impi* of Bangoni—a far-wandered Zulu-speaking tribe—with their long shields and short stabbing spears, raiding a village of Atonga. We landed at Bandawe and spent a few hours with Dr. and Mrs. Laws, but, a storm coming up, we had to return to the steamer and run before it to a sheltering bay.

We finally landed at Karonga, from which port the Stevenson road strikes across the plateau to Lake Tanganyika. An Arab trader had built his fortified village at the very back door of Karonga. Mr. Monteith Fotheringham, the then manager of the African Lakes Corporation, secured the assistance of Capt. Lugard, now Lt.-Col. Sir Frederick Lugard, Governor-General of Nigeria, to assist him in driving off the objectionable neighbour, but Lugard was severely wounded, and

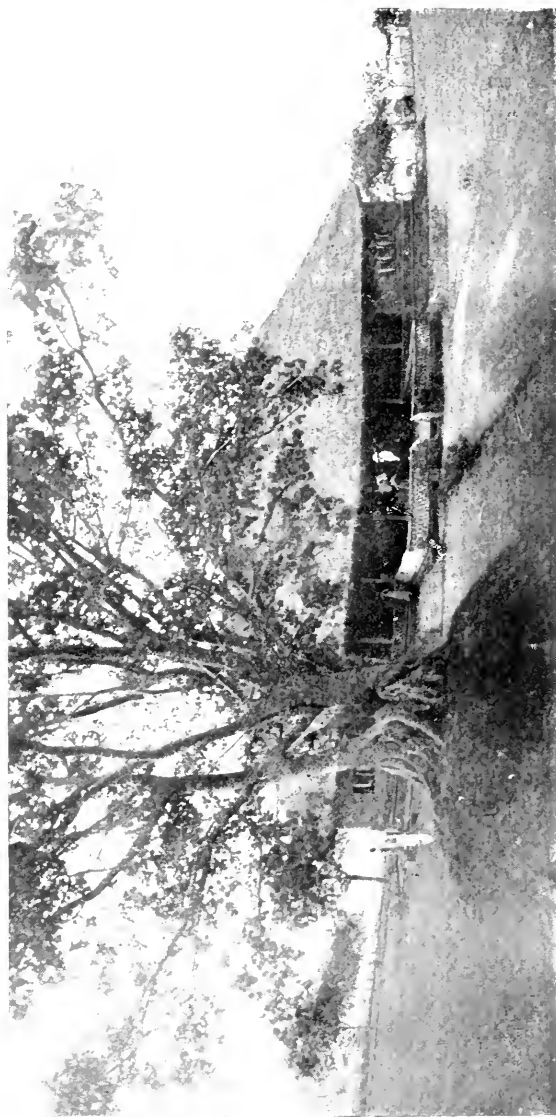
Malose remained more defiant than ever. Mr. Cobbe and I had not much difficulty in slipping past Malose's stronghold, and we were soon passing by the head waters of the Chambesi river, on our way across the plateau. The Chambesi flows into Lake Bangweulu, out of which the Luapula (or "Swift river") flows as far as Lake Mweru. Leaving Mweru, the same river is called the Lualaba (or "Black river"), and after passing the Stanley Falls it is called the Congo, i.e., "The Gatherer." A very suitable name, as it gathers up in its lower reaches water from so many rivers.

Lake Tanganyika was a grand sight. The south end of it appeared to be a vast, deep sheet of water, surrounded by mountain ranges, furrowed with deep ravines down which fierce storms rush, whipping the lake into white squalls. After some delay we were able to employ sufficient carriers to take us over the hundred miles that lie between Lakes Tanganyika and Mweru. Being entire strangers, the Ba-mwanga did not trust us. But by turning my attention to the women, and giving them fair prices for the meal they brought, and small presents to their children, I proved again that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." The women returned to their kraals singing our praises, and their men-folk soon turned out.

Crossing Lake Tanganyika in a boat belonging to the London Missionary Society, we landed at the head of Cameron Bay on the west shore. The London Missionary Society began work on this lake shortly after the death of Dr. Livingstone. Their representative Capt. Hore's straightforward efforts to secure the confidence of the natives round these shores brought him into constant conflict with the subtle influence of the Arab trader, who well knows how to alternate the most unjust and brutal conduct with the blindest flattery and condescending favour, and for a time their work was slow and difficult. Thirty or forty years before I visited this lake, the population was prosperous and the villages

extended for miles around the shores of every sheltered bay. Then Arab traders began to find their way across. But one trader with his followers coming over at a time, and making his home among the Ba-mwanga villagers, did not arouse their suspicion or compel them to combine for self-protection. Gradually, however, these traders fortified their villages, on the plea that, being traders and having to leave their homes for months in the charge of a few women and slaves, they had to build these strong fences. These fenced villages gradually grew into centres of oppression and plunder. Here let me give a case in point. An Arab named Meso, who had been the sworn friend of the chief of the Cameron Bay district, was asked one day to release the daughter or niece of the latter, as she had been sold to him. Meso drove the messenger away with insolence and threatenings. But, appearing to soften towards his "old friend," and desiring to make amends, he invited the chief and all his people to a feast in the Arab *boma*, and all the children were to come too, for "had he not a present for each?" When all were safely netted and had well drunk of the huge baths of beer provided, Meso let loose an armed force upon his "friend," captured all the women and children, and sent them to Zanzibar.

From Cameron Bay we had to bore our way through a perfect tangle of rubber vine, the men creeping on their hands and knees and pulling their loads after them. Grassy plains then opened up before us as we travelled westward. The bones of thousands of buffalo and other animals lay in patches here and there, victims of the terrible rinderpest plague that had swept the country of cattle and game, from Uganda southward. Further on we came to a pool of water in a dried-up river bed, with about fifty hippos in it, all trying to keep themselves wet until the rains should fall again. An Arab invited us to spend the night in his *boma* rather than expose ourselves to the lions, which owing to the death of the game had turned to man-eating. Indeed,



HOUSE OF MR. AND MRS. CRAWFORD, LUANZA.

lions, zebra and elephants seemed to have the veldt to themselves. One day our men came on a troop of lions that had pulled down a young cow elephant. They drove them off, and brought the meat and the tusks of the elephant along with them.

As we approached Lake Mweru the forest became more dense. One morning, to our great delight, we met Mr. Thompson a few hours from the lake shore. He had kindly come to meet us, leaving Mr. Crawford in his camp at Chipungu.

Mweru has nothing of the grandeur of the two great Lakes we had just left behind us. But it is a beautiful sheet of water, and the hills around are covered with forests. We walked round the sandy beach to the north end of the lake, crossed the Lualaba, and climbed up to Chipungu. To our surprise we found that, during Mr. Thompson's short absence, Mr. Crawford had been joined by Mr. D. Campbell from the West Coast, so we had much to talk about. An excursion was made to the south to look out for a better site than Chipungu, as Mr. Crawford was anxious for more room for his people to build and cultivate. Finally, Luanza was decided upon, and there, sitting on the stump of a tree that is now enclosed in Mr. and Mrs. Crawford's garden, the local chiefs gave their consent to the laying out of the station. Mr. Cobbe proved to be a most valuable man, devoted, earnest, and prayerful, and his fellow-workers have not ceased to mourn his death, which happened within a year of his arrival at Lake Mweru.

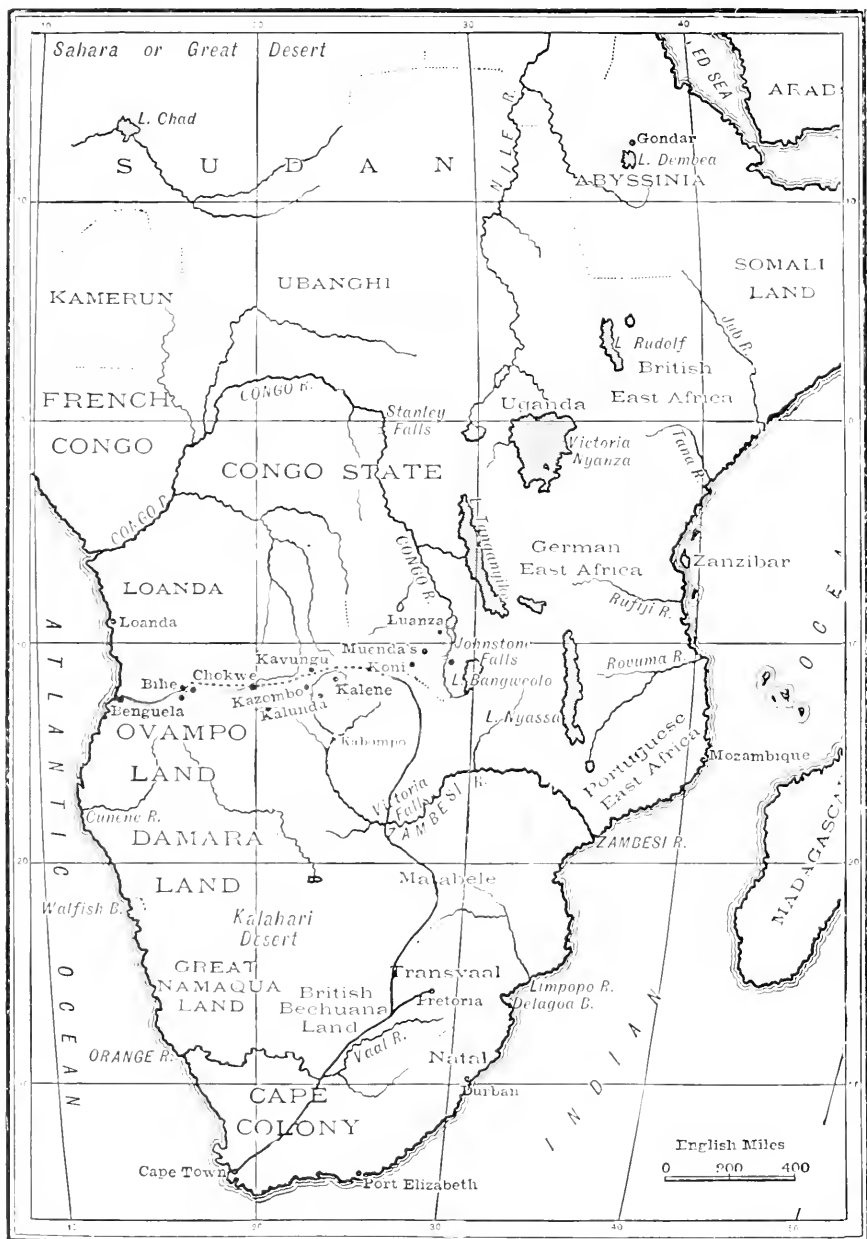
The 8000 yards of calico and other supplies that I had brought with me were of priceless value to the new work. Leaving Mr. Cobbe with Messrs. Thompson and Crawford, I left for home after an evening of affecting farewells with both whites and blacks. When we were about to break up our last meeting on the shore of the lake, Mishe-mishe, the young executioner who was present at the death of Kazembe, and who carried his decapitated head on a pike to Kangofu's, stood up and

publicly confessed that "now he knew that the blood of Jesus was sufficient for the washing away of a black man's sins as well as of those of a white man." He told us that for months he had been wrestling with the devil, who kept telling him that "a black sinner like him, a shedder of innocent blood, could not hope to be forgiven as easily as a good white man." Poor people, I am afraid their early notions about "the good white men" have been sadly upset in those remote parts since those days; so that the devil has been robbed at least of one argument. Far from making it our business—as some of our enemies say we do—to persuade the black man that he is as good as the white man, we often have enough to do to prove that he is as bad as the white man, and in need of the same Saviour. Mishe-mishe's life afterwards proved the reality of his confession.

Spending those happy weeks at Mweru, and hearing the story of the cross told out so fully, in the very heart of Africa, as the only point of meeting between sinful man and a sinless God, was to me an abundant reward for all the toils of pioneer and transport work that had fallen to my share.

Mr. Campbell accompanied me as far as Lake Tanganyika. I was thankful for his company, as a serious illness overtook me. At Cameron Bay I rested and recovered sufficiently to allow of our crossing the lake, in the middle of which we were caught in a twirling storm of wind and rain, and sent flying back toward the west shore. How we kept afloat that night is a mystery to me, as the waves were literally covering our little ship. By one o'clock in the morning we found we were nearing a rocky island; we managed to control the boat sufficiently to bring her up under the shelter of this island and drop anchor. When morning broke we completed our voyage. The agents of the African Lakes Corporation did all they could to hasten my journey to the coast, so that for both comfort and speed it surpassed all records.

ROUTE MAP WITH PART IV.



For explanation see note on page vii.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

I Visit Bihé Again.

YIELDING to medical advice, I remained in Liverpool and Bristol for some years, assisting in the purchase and forwarding of supplies to the mission field. It was not until the spring of 1904 that I was permitted to join what might be called the "Chokwe party" in Lisbon *en route* for Africa. Messrs. Louttit and Maitland had come from America to "pay their debt" to the heathen, and, hearing from us of this vacant field stretching far to the east of Bihé, they, with Mr. and Mrs. Agard from B. Guiana, were prepared to go and be the first to occupy it.

We took passage by the Portuguese mail steamer to the port of St. Paul-de-Loanda, some distance to the north of Benguella and Lobito Bay, so that we had to travel in a south-easterly direction in order to reach the Bihé Plateau. At Pungoandongo we passed through the old Portuguese convict settlement hidden among the great black rocks. We passed also the house of Col. Paiva, where Dr. Livingstone re-wrote his first famous journals. Crossing the Quanza river our route lay through the country of the Bahako, an interesting people who bury their dead in stone-built tombs : a relic, one would suppose, of a time when the living members of the tribe dwelt in rude stone buildings.

We were welcomed in the Ondulu and Bihé countries with great demonstrations, groups taking up positions along the road, singing hymns and firing guns. Ohualonda was the first station we came to. Here Mr. and

Mrs. Murrain have toiled for many years, and a little church of sixty members now assembles weekly, in the midst of a larger circle of professing Christians. Passing on, we found the old Kuanjulula station had been removed, —doors, windows, planks and poles—to Ochilonda, a better site in the same district of Utulumba. Mr. and Mrs. Swan and Mr. and Mrs. Lane had laid an excellent foundation, and now under Messrs. Sanders and Figg the work has greatly extended. Roads connect all the villages within a radius of twelve miles with the central station. Twenty-five schoolrooms have been built by the natives themselves among these villages, and we hear that the Christians in the scattered villages have begun to build two-roomed rest-houses for the use of the European missionaries when they come along. The central meeting-room at Ochilonda holds over 800 people, and on special occasions it is generally full “inside and out.”

How to teach the natives “to profess honest trades,” as the Scriptures exhort us to do, is often a difficult problem. Sometimes a promising lad is spoiled and lost to the work by being taught the elements of a trade, enabling him to earn at some neighbouring mining camp better wages than his teacher ever saw. Missionaries, I hold, have nothing to do with training boys in order to bring them into competition with white men, in white men’s towns. We are bound to help them to be good keepers at home, and to be content with humble Christian living and seeing to the upbringing of their sons and daughters. It was quite encouraging to find, at Ochilonda, native carpenters, taught by our brethren, catering for the local demand for doors and window frames, tables, chairs, boxes, etc. Several of the young men had become undertakers in a small way.

The Ovimbundu are accustomed to make much of funerals. When a man dies, weeks pass perhaps before the friends have collected and the feast is prepared. Then the body is carried forth to the valley or plain adjoining

the usual place of interment—generally near to where two roads meet. The corpse, tied to a long pole resting on the shoulders of two men—more or less under the influence of strong drink and fear—is questioned by the fetish doctor as to the cause of its death, and who caused it. It answers by moving backwards or forwards, or from side to side. At last, after hours of wild excitement, when volleys are fired off by the onlookers indiscriminately, the witch or wizard is smelt out. Quantities of beer and rum are consumed, and oxen and goats killed. But the happy idea has taken hold of the heathen mind, apart altogether from the teaching of the missionaries, that it would be more economical, and certainly not less respectable, if they were to follow the custom of white people in burying their dead. Accordingly, not only did orders flow in freely for coffins, but the young men who made them were expected to go to the grave and preach a sermon. In this way the Gospel message has been carried into strongholds of heathenism.

After seeing the Chokwe party off to open the station now called Mboma, we turned to discuss a plan Mr. and Mrs. Lane had of opening a station to the north-east of Ochilonda. After visiting various places in this direction, we decided on Okapango as being a good all-round centre in a well-wooded country into which the Ovimbundu were moving. The custom of cutting down the forest trees and burning the wood so as to enrich the soil with the ashes, prevails, I am sorry to say, among the Ovimbundu. When the forests have given out, the country is no longer of any use to them, and they move off.

It was to Okapango that I hastened in January, 1907, upon hearing of the serious illness of Dr. Sparks, the son of Mr. Sparks, of Bath. Dr. Sparks was not strong, but having been trained for medical mission work, he was loth to give it up, although he knew that his life would be shortened by it. Fortunately I arrived in time to convey to Dr. Sparks the loving messages of his father

and mother and many home friends, and to accompany his brave spirit to the "brink of the river." I saw, too, at a glance, that Mr. Lane's move to this new site had been greatly blessed by the Lord of the harvest. Mrs. Lane and the Misses Hartley and Gammon had been hard at work since I left them, visiting the villages around on their donkeys. Mr. Leonard Gammon has since joined his sister, making thus the fourth member of one family to give himself to the work in Central Africa, his oldest brother, William, having died at Luanza, and a younger sister having married Mr. Wm. Lammond, who is working in the Vemba country. Mr. and Mrs. M'Kinnon have also been willing, untiring helpers in the Bihé district, and are now settled for the time being at Ohualonda. Altogether the Bihé Plateau has proved a most fruitful field, there being 250 church members between the three stations, and over 1000 converts, including both chiefs and slaves.

*CHAPTER II.**The Chokwe, Lovale, Lunda, Garenganze and Vemba Countries.*

As soon as the rains seemed to slacken I crossed the Quanza river and pushed on eastward, and soon began to meet with groups of the wandering Bachokwe beeswax hunters, or root-rubber gatherers. They are wild, quarrelsome, and thieving, yet strangely clever and ingenious. At the mission station of Mboma I found our three friends, Dr. Morey and Messrs. Louttit and Maitland. They had contrived to build their huts so as to look into each other's doorways, in order to watch the thieves, as thieving went on all hours of the day and night. Ordinary doors and walls were of no avail, for the Bachokwe can dig under the walls and come up in the middle of the floor of any house, like so many ant bears. One day a great alarm was raised and cries of murder heard just outside the fence. Fortunately the missionaries kept cool, and only one went out to attend to the wounded man. It was all a ruse to draw us away from the huts that they wanted to plunder.

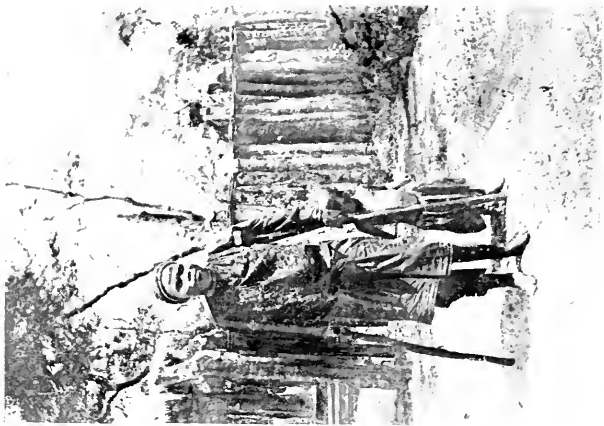
Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have their station some twenty miles to the north of Mboma, and Miss Boggess [now Mrs. H. L. Gammon] from Buffalo has helped them. Taylor, like the rest of us, had felt the shame of passing and repassing the troublesome Bachokwe, but the following incident clinched the call upon him, so that he decided to go and live among them at any cost. One day he and Mr. Cunningham were out looking for a lost cow, when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by a Bachokwe war party, hunting for Portuguese traders. The young men at once called to their leader for permission to kill the two missionaries,

insisting that they were Portuguese. The missionaries protested, so to settle the matter the leader of the Bachokwe warriors called upon their prisoners to sing a hymn. Taylor and Cunningham bravely stood up and sang for their lives. At this the angry faces relaxed. "They might live now, they might go, they were missionaries," seeing they were able to sing a Balovale hymn.

Thus little by little the gospel makes its way with the most hardened. And now at these two stations, after years of strain, wars with the Portuguese, and famine, a small group of real Bachokwe converts has been gathered, and good progress has been made in translating the Scriptures.

Twenty days of hard travelling through flooded plains and across swollen rivers brought me to Kavungu, close by Nana Kandundu's old capital, now a Portuguese fort. Mr. and Mrs. Schindler and Miss Ing gave me a warm welcome. Here Mr. Cyril Bird, Miss Skinner and Mr. O'Jon lie buried. Mr. Bird's widow, after returning to her home in Canada, wrote the little booklet, *Little is much if God is in it*, and I often wonder if Mr. Bird's short but fruitful life had not something to do with suggesting her delightful and appropriate title.

The Balovale who live around Kavungu are not a drinking tribe; they are good carriers, are not warlike, and are accustomed to be ruled by queens. But for years the Gospel seemed to make little headway among them. On one or two occasions apparent revivals broke out, but the converts went back to heathenism in the most heart-breaking way. Twenty-three years of steady, plodding work, however, have told their tale. I had the pleasure of starting early one morning with Mr. Schindler to visit some of the converts. After a long tramp through the thick forest we came to a clearing, then to patches of sweet potatoes, then to a few huts, and further on to a shed-like room, built of hard red wood. Beside it stood the builder and his five helpers.



ONE OF DR. MOREY'S PATIENTS.



TRAVELLING IN THE RAINY SEASON.

This was their village prayer-room, and was one of many others springing up in the forest of Central Africa like grafts of living skin planted over the raw flesh of Africa's "open sore." From Kavungu I went to Kazombo, a station on the bend of the Zambesi, opened by Dr. Fisher, and now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hornby. It stands within half a mile of the ford by which Dr. Livingstone crossed on his first great journey. Mr. Copithorne, from Dublin, lies buried here. From his grave, life seemed to spring up—as from the prophet Elisha's bones. For it so happened that a British officer arrived at Kazombo on an exploring expedition at the time of Mr. Copithorne's burial. A remark made by a child at the time arrested him. The next year found this same officer in the thick of the South African war. One evening he remarked to his fellow-officers that should he be shot down in the next day's engagement his soul was safe, and that heaven would be his home. And so it fell out; the next day he was shot through the head. His brother officers, deeply impressed by the incident, placed a stone over his grave with the words "In sure and certain hope" inscribed.

Crossing the Zambesi, I visited Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham at their station on Kalunda Hill, seventy miles from Kazombo, and then passed on to Dr. Fisher's sanatorium ninety miles further east. It was delightful and refreshing to see these new beginnings among a once great but now scattered and ill-used people. For ever since the breaking up of the great Lunda empire the Balunda have been enslaved and preyed upon by all the adjoining tribes. Their villages, however, seemed to be full of children, who, at the approach of a stranger, were taught to scurry away like a covey of partridges. Adults will suddenly stand bolt upright behind trees, old women crouch down under a few leaves, and children hide in tufts of grass, so that in an instant not a soul is visible.

On visiting a large Lunda village to the east of Kaleñe

I took every precaution and succeeded in cornering one woman and her family of children before they had time to escape. The poor thing shrieked for her life, but when I held out a strip of calico to her little boy, he came forward and took it, and so the "terrible gulf" was bridged. This little fellow was willing to run out to the forest and call in all his companions, and before an hour had passed I had the whole village round me. The difficulty then was how to get away from them in order to continue my journey eastward to the old Garen-ganze field. I arrived at Koni Hill in August, 1907, after twenty years' absence. There, close by, stood the villages where the inhabitants had fled at my first appearance, saying that my feet were like zebra's hoofs, and where I had publicly eaten a potato to show that I was human. Now the gospel is preached to them every week. Mrs. Anton's school was a model one; the houses of the missionaries and school-rooms were of burnt brick and solid wood-work, and everything around spoke of skilful labour. Mr. Zentler was here studying the language; he now occupies Mulongo, the most advanced outpost in Lubaland. I take a peculiar interest in Zentler, for one day when in Liverpool, and giving way to depressing thoughts as to the possibility of my being able to return to Africa—the usual ideas of one's own importance were doing their miserable work—when the cloud suddenly lifted with the thought that God could take up any of these corner young men one sees always hanging about the streets of big cities, and fit him for higher service than I could ever hope to do. That night the Lord called to Himself—not a Liverpool loafer, but Mr. Zentler, a stranger from Germany, who, on hearing that the preacher was a missionary from Africa, there and then decided on offering himself for that great field. Mr. Last might be called the Koni Hill "Rural Dean," as he seemed to be constantly on the move all over the district, cheering and helping the native workers.

One afternoon, when we were sitting in Mr. Anton's house, a messenger came in to say that a group of people, men, women and children, had come to greet the missionaries. We went out to the clearing in front, and there saw thirty Christians from a village among the hills who had had a "church difficulty;" at first it was proposed that two of their number should go to Koni to seek advice, but then some argued that it would be more satisfactory if all went together; then there would be no danger of disputes afterwards as to what the missionaries said or meant.

Mr. Last kindly accompanied me to the south end of Lake Mweru, where Mr. Crawford met us, passing by the way the graves of Mr. and Mrs. George, a whole-hearted and devoted couple. Crawford was bright and genial as usual. We paddled up the lake in two canoes, keeping well out to avoid the hippos in the bays. As soon as we hove in sight, the Luanza villagers ran down to the lake, and by the time we had reached the landing-stage, half of the populace were in the water, some wading, others swimming out to welcome us.

We found Mrs. Crawford, Mr. G. W. Sims, and Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins all in good health—our brother Hawkins has since passed away. On the bluff, too, above Luanza, lie the remains of William Gammon, Benjamin Cobbe, John Wilson, Miss Ethel Jordan, the first Mrs. Campbell, and the first Mrs. Higgins—a very heavy toll.

After spending a pleasant, restful time on the beautiful Luanza bluff, and again escorted by Mr. Crawford, I crossed the lake. Taking an affectionate farewell of mine host, I followed on alone down the east bank of the Luapula to Johnston Falls, where Messrs. Campbell and Patterson had their hands full with a large and prosperous work, that has since been broken up by the Sleeping-sickness Commission. Still it is true that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Mr. and Mrs. Campbell followed one section of the dispersion to Chilubula by Lake Bangweulu; and Mr. and Mrs.

Lammond accompanied another group of converts north to Kaleba.

And so after travelling southward for 200 miles, I arrived at Broken Hill, there to entrain for the Cape and home, thankful for having been permitted to visit these brave and devoted men and women. My one thought was now to make use again of the South African base. And finding that my wife gladly fell in with the project, we spent a few busy months breaking up our Bristol home and removing with our family of seven to Johannesburg.

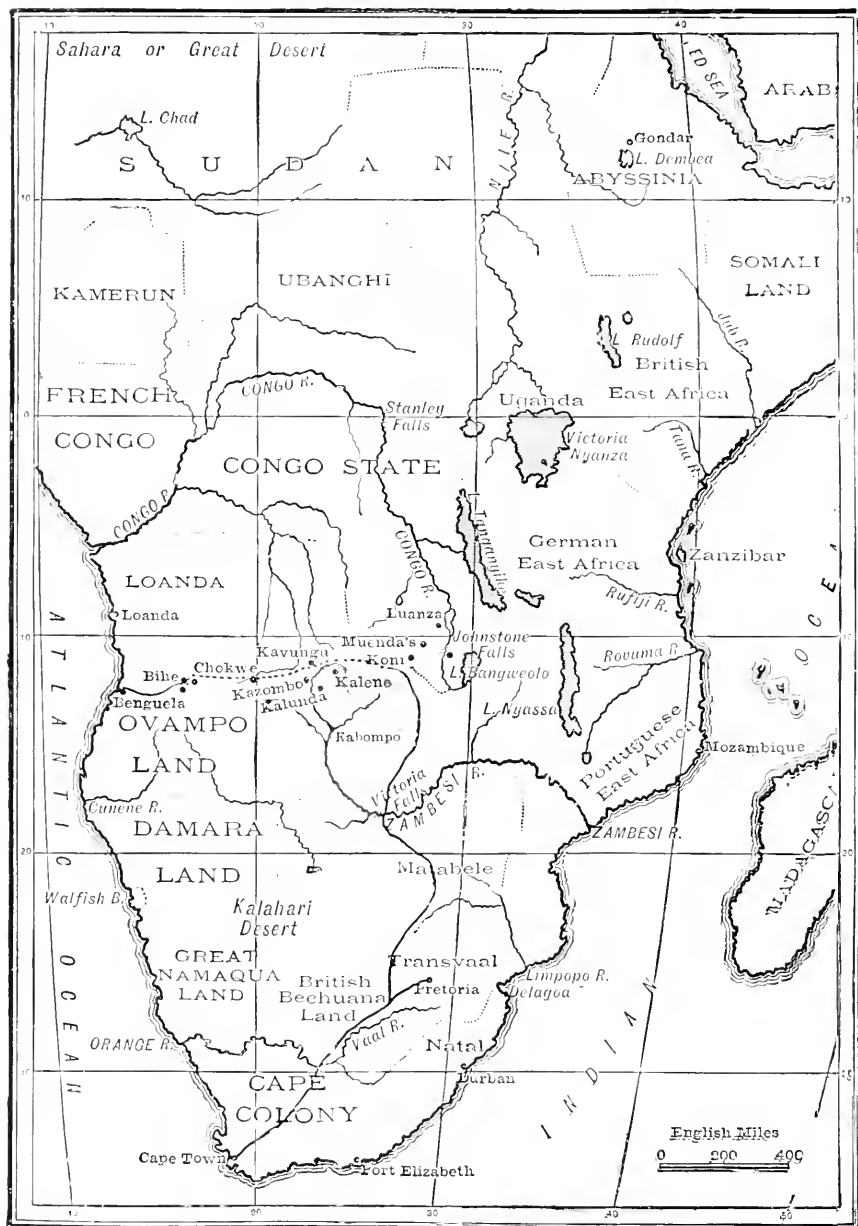


Group of Native Evangelists



Some of the Converts

ROUTE MAP WITH PART V.



For explanation see note on page vii.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

I Join Dr. Fisher in one of His Medical Rounds.

HAVING our home in Johannesburg seemed to bring us a step nearer to the foe, and in the spring of 1909 I took train to Broken Hill, the then terminus of the Cape to Cairo Railway, and joined Dr. Fisher at Kaleñe Hill, twenty miles from the source of the Zambesi, whence we travelled together to a conference at Kalunda, where we met with representatives from Kavungu and Kazombo.

Mr. Cunningham was very ill with sciatica, and every remedy failed until Dr. Fisher put him under a 20-grain dose of quinine per day treatment, with the result that in a very short time his patient was about again. This case illustrates, I think, the vagaries of the malarial microbe and the value of quinine. My brother-in-law did not doubt but that multitudes of microbes had filled up the nerve sheath, causing inflammation and pain. Kaleñe and Kalunda stations were built on the highest points available by way of experiment. At Kaleñe, for instance, water has to be carried for a distance of half a mile, on men's shoulders. Many feared that the "lazy negro," loving to live in the hot valleys, would refuse to climb. But the reverse has been the case; the children for miles around Kalunda flock to the day school, and the Sunday services are usually packed out. On taking possession of Kalunda, the missionaries had to drive a colony of lions away. These monsters would come back at night, and one put his face up against the little window that Mr. Cunningham had put into the bedroom of his temporary house. At Kaleñe Dr. Fisher

had to displace a nest of robbers and slave-dealers, for the caves around that remarkable hill are notorious. Missionaries coming out from home and going direct to either of these stations have kept absolutely free from fever. Dr. Fisher has instituted a mid-day gospel service that has proved most suitable to the country and people.

Children attending the morning schools, men and women working on the station, and villagers bringing their meal and fowls, etc., for sale, are all glad to rest for half an hour at noon, and make up quite a good congregation. In countries infested with wild animals, evening services are not a success except on moonlight nights.

Many of my readers will be interested to know that the late Dr. Pierson built Dr. Fisher's operating-room, consulting-room, and dispensary, all in one neat building, in memory of his missionary daughter who died in India. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Misses Hoyte and Darling, were fully occupied at Kaleñe when I was there. Since then several new missionaries have gone to help at these four stations lying along the sources of the Zambesi river.

Leaving Kaleñe I followed the Congo-Zambesi watershed, which is theoretically the Anglo-Belgian boundary line. On the way I met with Balunda, Basamba, and Bakaonde, and plenty of game. Indeed, in one district they seemed more interested in me than I in them. Craning their necks and sniffing the air, these big animals approached me to within fifty yards.

Coming to the den of a European trader, I was deeply impressed with the misery of his surroundings, and the disgraceful example he set before the "raw native," who looks upon every white man as an exponent of a higher moral code than his own. He had a harem of slave girls from the Congo territory, plenty of gunpowder bought from the Portuguese, and cases of British whiskey. And words cannot be found to describe the abominable life this man led. How can one account for the fact

that in framing laws for governments and chartered companies, supposed to exist first of all for the protection of the native, not a single clause has been introduced empowering His Majesty's Commissioners in the field to protect the native from the scum of Europe? But for the few missionaries in the Barotse territory and at Kaleñe, and a small beginning near Ndola, North West Rhodesia is without the Gospel. I continued my journey, zigzagging from village to village, until supplies began to give out and I had to make for Broken Hill.

The following year I returned to North West Rhodesia and was accompanied part of the way by Mr. Bailey, of the South African General Mission, who settled at Kansanshi, and has since opened another station on the Ndongwe River.

I finished that season's work by visiting King Liwanika in the Barotse valley. He gave me a warm welcome. We talked of the Kabompo valley, and of how I had wished to go there twenty-four years before, when he declared that that was the country of his "dogs" and that I could not go. Now Liwanika assured me that if only I would come back again he would give me boats and help me all he possibly could. So after a few months' rest in Johannesburg, my wife and I set out for the Kabompo in January, 1911.

*CHAPTER II.***My Wife Joins Me in a Visit to the Kabompo Valley.**

USUALLY the dry season, which extends from May to September, is the most suitable for travelling in South Central Africa, but the Zambesi is a river by itself. After the rainy season is over, the marshes and lagoons remain wet, and the long grass and reeds damp and rotting; so that by the time the banks of the river are in a wholesome condition, the water has fallen so low that heavily-laden canoes find it difficult to mount the rapids. The best time to travel is when the early rains are falling. We were perhaps a little late. December would have been a better month.

From Livingstone we travelled in the mission waggon of the Paris Mission Society to Kazungula, a distance of forty miles, where we met our canoes and canoemen; but heavy rains kept us under cover for two days, testing our new gipsy tent that was to be our home for six months or so. This tent was shaped like a great umbrella, the ribs passing through rings sewn inside the canvas. It measured thirteen feet in diameter and answered very well. It was such a treat to have the roof of the tent curving away from you instead of bulging in upon its occupants as soon as the ropes slackened in the slightest.

At last the clouds broke and our shivering canoemen scrambled up the dripping bank and bundled our belongings into the canoes with little ceremony, and so we started for Shesheke, where I again met Litia, Liwanika's oldest son and recognized successor. I knew him as a boy bringing me a "tuban" of milk every morning. Now he looks old and troubled. He fled with his father to Moreme's country in 1884, from the

Mataha revolt. Then under M. Coillard's instruction he professed conversion, was married to a Christian girl, and was sent by his father to be the chief of the Shesheke province. Here he was supposed to be under the instruction of a native evangelist, who sadly misled him, aiding and abetting him in marrying, native fashion, several wives. Since those days Litia has tried repeatedly to put himself right with the missionaries—and one would hope with God.

Nine-tenths of the missionary's and the young convert's difficulties in Central Africa circle around the marriage question, and it cannot be settled by majority vote at a missionary conference.

When we left Shesheke crowds of school children sang us off with sweet Waldensian and Huguenot airs set to their own Sekololo.

A spell of fine weather now set in, and we greatly enjoyed our voyage up the Zambesi, with its rapids, its clean white sandbanks covered with waterfowl, and its hundreds of islands studded with palm trees and green to the water's edge; and but for an occasional "rogue" hippo, or man-eating crocodile, the whole scene might be laid in paradise. As we approached the Gonye Falls, the river became deep and narrow and rapid, so that it was no easy matter to steer our heavily-laden canoes, measuring roughly forty feet long by three feet wide. If a canoe of these dimensions once gets across the current, it is rolled over and over in an instant. The whole crew of seven or eight have to work together, and all are in a measure responsible for the steering of the craft. The men use long eight-foot poles, and prefer to punt when possible. If the rapids are shallow they jump into the water and push the canoes; if they are deep, they take a rope ashore, and a combined crew of twenty is often required to pull one canoe at a time through some of the most turbulent rapids. These Zambesi canoes have their bows shaped like the head of an arrow, so when a strong palm-frond rope is passed below the barbs of the

arrow-head bow with a running knot, the strain on the rope does not endanger the canoe, but tends rather to bind the whole fabric of the dug-out together. When we reached the land haulage of three miles that takes travellers past the Gonye Falls, twelve oxen were awaiting us, by the king's instructions, to drag our canoes overland.

When my wife and I were about to enter our boats again, imagine our surprise and delight at meeting with our old boy "Dick," now looking old and grey-headed. Dick had been my sole companion for many a weary mile, pay or no pay, and night and day he had served me. Once, when tossing in a burning fever, I called him to my hut and told him I thought a warm bath would relieve me. There was no water in camp, but Dick at once shouldered the water keg, and strode off in the darkness to the nearest water-hole, three miles away, through a lion-infested country.

In 1888 I left him in the Garenganze with Mr. Swan, but when we arrived at Benguella the following year, Dick was standing on the jetty to welcome us, not because he was the white man's pet servant, but to carry the heaviest load in the camp.

There are no rapids proper above the Gonye Falls, and for two days the hills still clung to the river, but as we approached the Barotse valley, the grassy plains appeared and the wooded hills receded until nothing but reeds and grass were left, and we had to depend on wood carried with us for cooking purposes. The river twists about through the Barotse valley in a tiresome way, so we were glad to come at last to Nalolo, after having sighted it several hours before. Mokwae, Liwanika's sister, lives here; she is the Queen of the Barotse, and comes next to her brother in the counsels of the country. She and her husband were among my old Barotse friends, and both were pleased to greet my wife.

M. and Madame Lageard gave us a hearty welcome to the mission station, where we met with Miss Smith, one of Campbell-Morgan's congregation, and—shall we say—

as a matter of course a Bible student. Mokwae came to the mission services, riding in a canoe drawn by four oxen, and invited us to visit her at her palace. There we were delighted to see the inside of her splendid abode, all designed by her brother the king, who first of all made a model out of his own head of something between an Egyptian temple and a modern English villa. The reception room was large, and the lofty roof was supported by two rows of handsome wooden pillars polished black. A deep fresco of ornamental mat-work hung around the walls, and came down to the level of the tops of the doorways; these were screened off with lace-like curtains, all in perfect good taste. A large table stood in the middle of the hall, covered with a snow-white tablecloth, on which stood an array of dishes and teacups. We were invited to sit down, my wife being given the seat of honour on the same settee chair on which the queen sat, a survival of the custom of inviting the guest of the day to sit on the same mat with the host or hostess. The waiters brought in cold meat, tea, coffee and biscuits. Here again old native custom clashed with modern ideas. For no one is supposed to stand when handing anything to either king or queen. So the waiters, as soon as they came in sight, dropped down and walked on their knees to the table.

Another long day on the river brought us to Lealui, where one realizes most forcibly that the Barotse cannot be grouped with the usual run of Bantu tribes. They undoubtedly learned much from their Basuto (Makololo) conquerors; but their skill at canal digging, at throwing up mounds upon which to build their villages, their sacred burial groves with priests in charge, their form of prayer, and their offerings to the departed spirits who dwell in these groves, must all date back to a period before the Basuto invasion. The Barotse have ideas of pomp and pageantry all their own. The great annual procession of canoes is still maintained, when the royal

barge is poled along by forty nobles. The grouping, too, of the princesses at Mokwae's town in circles according to age and rank was quite unique.

Liwanika proved to be as good as his word ; he supplied me at once with fresh boatmen to take us on to the Kabompo river, and an ox to slaughter, according to time-honoured custom. I enjoyed taking my wife round Lealui and pointing out some early landmarks. The site of the Paris Mission Station, where we were comfortably housed, used to be the place of execution. From the spot where prayer is now "wont to be made," the smoke of burning witches ascended to heaven many times in the year.

The site of the old grass hut in which I gathered the first children's school north of the Zambesi, as far as any movement from the south was concerned, is now occupied by a house built to entertain chiefs and princes visiting Liwanika. Liwanika's enclosures stand exactly on the same spot, only the town has increased considerably in size and has been vastly improved. Hardly any one knew me but the king himself and Sopi, his prime minister, who at one time used to live with me. Sopi, or the "Gumbella," as he is now called, is a fine Christian man, and the right hand both of King Liwanika and of M. Jalla—Coillard's worthy successor at Lealui.

It was raining off and on when we embarked again for the Kabompo, but plenty of beef had put our men in good spirits, nor could anything damp the joy we felt at the prospect—after so many years—of beginning work in the Kabompo valley.

After paddling for a week we passed the mouth of the Lungebungu on our left, and, entering the mouth of the Kabompo, made good progress against its more rapid current. All along, our canoemen had been telling us that the hippos here were so dangerous that no canoe could safely ascend the river. But it was not until I saw how the great forest trees spread their branches over the deep water, compelling the canoemen to paddle



SUNDAY SERVICE IN MEETING HOUSE.

in mid-stream and sheltering any dangerous hippo, that I decided it would be better to give in and complete our journey on foot. So we landed and camped some miles to the east of Njonjolo's village, paid off our boat-men, and set about building a dépôt camp, and engaging carriers.

Here I had to learn that all one's experience in choosing camping-places was of no avail on the Kabompo. For after a night of unusually heavy rain the surface of the ground gave way, and cot-beds, tents, boxes, everything in fact, seemed to be rapidly sinking into the ground. Dark and wet as it was, my wife and I had to turn out and escape to an adjoining ant-heap. Our men were in a similar predicament, so all set to, to gather dead wood and kindle a fire, following thus the good example of the Apostle Paul and his shipwrecked companions. The villagers came around early in the morning, anxiously enquiring how we had fared. When I chided them for not warning us of our danger, they naively replied, "We thought you knew." This is, I may say by the way, a very good example of "thinking black." The African is very unwilling to give a stranger any reliable information, and even Christian elders in native churches will habitually shield a wrong-doing fellow-member for years; when the white missionary finds out the matter, they will blandly reply, "We thought you knew."

At last all was ready for our expedition along the north bank of the Kabompo. At first we passed through a large group of Lunda villages every twenty minutes or half hour, subjects of the one-time famous Shinte. They are, like all forest-dwellers, very superstitious, and always ready to flee from their villages to the more secure shelter of the thickets around. Passing through one large village I saw a tall pole in the centre with a pot of medicine on the top, and bark ropes connecting it with each house in the village, looking for all the world like an old English "Maypole." This, I was told, was in order to protect the huts from lightning. In these

forests canoes are roughly hewn by the Balunda, and taken down to the Barotse, where they are shaped in the course of a year or two into the useful dug-outs in use there. Some of the larger canoes afloat to-day on the Zambesi were made, I was told, in the days when Sepopo was king, so they must be at least forty years old.

Leaving the ill-clothed Balunda behind us, we came to groups of Bankoio villages, where the villager has a superior air about him and is not so afraid of being found at home. One woman visited us, dressed in the stomach of an elephant, softened by rubbing. At last our path led out on to a magnificent bluff overlooking the junction of three rivers. Here the fields of the natives stretched as far as the eye could see, and here surely we have an ideal spot for a mission station! A few miles brought us to the capital of Sekufelu. This man and his father before him have long been thorns in the sides of the Barotse. He claims to have descended from the original owners of the land, who refused to be conquered by the Makololo and fled northward. Everything around suggested that a man of action was at the head of the community. Workers in pottery, baskets and mats were all in evidence. Then almost every kind of food found in native territory seemed to be grown here. In addition they brought us "Irish potatoes" and a small basket of wheat. Of these Sekufelu's wife was very proud; her husband had brought the seed from the Barotse.

A day was at last appointed for the chiefs to gather to hear our message, and with great solemnity a procession was formed and we marched to the royal enclosure. I used the Sekololo language, and by keeping to simple words and illustrations, made, I hope, some little impression. The raw African knows what it is to sin against his chief and tribe and fellow man; but when the punishment is over, or the fine paid, he naturally concludes that the matter ends there. I have sought at every opportunity during this tour to harp on the

one fact that we cannot sin against our fellow man without sinning against the God who made him and us, and that God our Creator has His *Khotla*, or court, and that whereas the payment of a goat or ox may blot out the record of a crime in the chief's court, no price that we can pay is able to blot out the record of that crime in God's court. It is here that the great *impasse* is taken away, the great gulf is bridged over, and the great difficulty is solved by the sending of Jesus the Son of God into the world to take away the record of our sin in God's court by the sacrifice of Himself. For the first time we systematically taught the ten commandments to the "raw native" in every village, making the people repeat them.

We were glad to arrive back at our camp by the Zambesi again. Our plan now was to build a three-roomed cottage, clear up the ground around the site we had chosen by Njonjolo's village, continue our itinerations among the villages and explore the Lungebundu river, which, we were told, was navigable for a distance of three hundred miles. The banks of this river are not overgrown with trees, so that canoemen are able to hug along the sides, and thus be out of danger from the hippos. Only the current is uniformly strong and the water deep, so mechanical power would perhaps be required in order to make much use of the Lungebundu, along which the Balovale live.

The three-roomed cottage, however, was hardly completed when a sudden illness involving serious loss of blood overtook me. My wife had now to see to everything. Within a week we were gliding down stream in the canoes we had purchased for our Lungebundu expedition. Dr. Reuter happened to be at Lealui at the time, and he insisted on my return south.

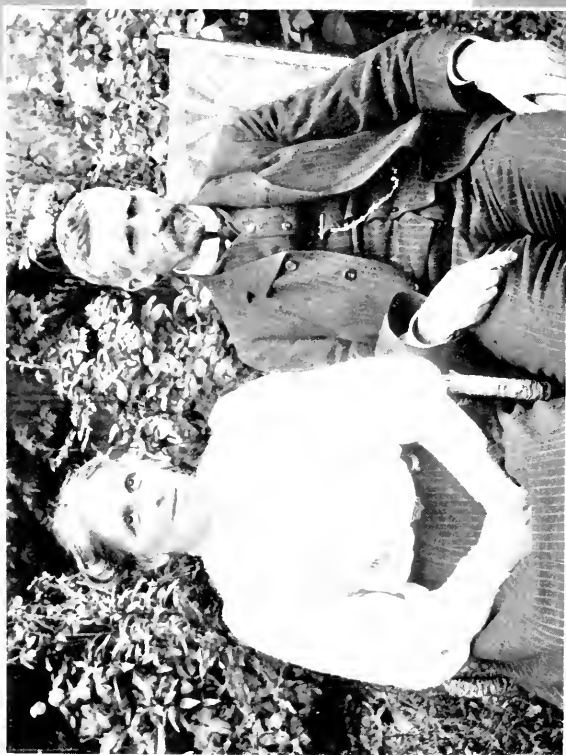
After resting for some months in Johannesburg, I attempted to return to the Kabompo, but my health again failed.

A visit home, to consult with specialists, gave me some

hope of continuing my work, although local doctors were against it. When towards the end of last year Mr. Suckling, who arrived in Johannesburg from Kaleñe Hill, and Mr. T. L. Rogers, whom I met here on my return from England, both expressed their willingness to accompany me to the Kabompo, the call seemed to be clear.

We left Johannesburg on the 21st of November. The journey to Shesheke was rather tedious ; there we met six canoes sent down for us in charge of twenty-five paddlers, and on December 14th we left Shesheke and slept by some cattle kraals. In the evening a sweeping storm came up, driving us into our tents, but my dome tent stood well. The next day we camped early at Katonga, to await two men I had left behind to bring on the mail. Having a few hours to spare, Rogers and I took our seine net to a sand-bank. We duly cast it, apparently catching nothing, but when one of the men stepped into the water, to throw the bag of the net on shore, he sprang back in terror, for a crocodile was lying quietly in the sack, and immediately showed its teeth and dashed about. Rogers shot it with his rifle. Then there was a roar of laughter and hand-clapping among the natives. The crocodile was quite young, only measuring nine feet. The net was none the worse, and we afterwards had a good catch of fish. The next day brought us to the foot of the first rapids. Here, on the German bank, we found two men in partnership, building boats and barges, and selling them to the British traders for fifty or sixty pounds each. They seem to be just what we want. We camped in the forest near, where I shot a little antelope behind the camp. Suckling shot one too, and Rogers shot a guinea-fowl ; so we were quite set up with game meat. That night we slept at Ngambe, where we had to pull the canoes overland a short way. Next day we passed dozens of our old friends the hippos.

The 20th of December we shall long remember. Landing on an island we put up our tents and seemed



MR. AND MRS. F. S. ARNOT.

This photo was taken last time Mrs. Arnot was in England by Mr. J. Louis Field, of Wimbledon, who has kindly sent it for use in this Volume.

to be very comfortable, when a peculiar colour began to appear in the sky, volumes of white clouds forming. Behind these in a half circle was a very dark, leaden cloud ; then banks of light ash-coloured clouds formed up, and behind them all was pitch black, while a red copper glow filled the air. In spite of the dead calm we all rushed to the tent ropes, and piled up stones around the pegs. I shouted to a trader pitched 200 yards below us, but all too late ; his strong, heavy tent suddenly filled out like a balloon and rose skyward—an extraordinary sight ! Then Rogers' tent tipped over end-ways, snapping the iron pegs of the tops of the poles. Fortunately my tent held, with the help of six men. We put all our goods into it pell-mell, and so for about an hour we were in one of the biggest storms I ever experienced. The lightning flashed every second and seemed to run like liquid fire round the ironstone rock which composed the island.

The next day being Sunday we had intended remaining, but with one consent we moved on. How we longed for the shelter of trees ! But when after an hour or two we camped by the Kalle rapids, we saw that the forests had their dangers, for huge branches lay strewn over the ground. I had a nice afternoon with my boys, giving them a lesson to repeat. We had great Bible and book talks, and great plans for the future.

On Jan. 11th we reached Njonjolo's, on the Kabompo river, our very trying journey over, and our goods all being there. The little house that I built two years and a half ago seemed to be exactly as we left it ; nothing had given way, and only a few drops came through the roof after a heavy rain the first night, but the bush had all grown thick again. The people were very glad to see us.

On the 12th Mr. Suckling left to seek a suitable site for a station among the Balunda. I began the day by clearing the yard, then took "Officy," one of the boys, to the lake and taught him how to wash the clothes. This was followed by two hours' gardening, and I then

came back to lunch, which consisted of fresh fish from our traps and thick milk. I had Kaffir corn ground, and made a loaf of bread, half of flour and half of sifted mealie meal; the result was excellent.

The same day I began school with seven little boys, and by the 17th it had increased by leaps and bounds. The people *did* listen. I was tied up with little duties from morning till night—baking, cooking, buying, talking, gardening, farming, house-repairing, store-keeping and butter-making—yet I felt the place a perfect haven of rest, the house being cool and pleasant, with no white ants or rats about.

However, “Man proposes, but God disposes.” On the 25th I was smitten down as by a sword-thrust. My spleen, which had given me much trouble in years gone by and was surcharged with the refuse of many fevers, suddenly ruptured and filled my abdominal cavity with blood, although this was not discovered until I had arrived at Johannesburg six weeks later. How I recovered from the first shock and endured the long journey cannot be explained or told here. It was to me “a thousand miles of miracle” in miniature.

Messrs. Suckling and Rogers had no hesitation in deciding to remain on. May the Lord’s richest blessing rest upon them and on all the heroic band of missionaries throughout Central Africa who have put their hands to the plough and have not drawn back!

FINIS.

APPENDIX A.

Mr. Arnot's Last Journey in Africa.

MRS. F. S. Arnot has kindly sent a brief account of her husband's last journey from the Kabompo to Johannesburg, written by her elder daughter. Though it was not sent for publication, it will form such a fitting conclusion to this volume that it would be wrong to withhold it. Thoughtful readers will mark the special leadings and interpositions of our gracious and faithful God, and will surely feel that the last verse of Psalm cvii. may well be written here : " Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

Miss Rachel Arnot writes :—I do not know whether you heard how suddenly father was taken ill on January 24th. The Commissioner, Mr. Thwaites, who had come up to the station in his barge with the mail, had only been in the house five minutes before father complained of great pain. They got him to bed and the next day hurried him off to the doctor at Mongu. All the Commissioner's things were bundled out of the barge, and Messrs. Thwaites and Rogers took father a five days' journey in two days, through terrible storms of thunder and rain, travelling night and day. When Mr. Suckling, who had camped twenty miles further on, heard of father's illness, he walked that distance in one night through a country infested with wild animals. He arrived just in time to see them off and to fling into the barge his good eiderdown quilt, which proved a great comfort. The doctor was kindness itself to father, and nursed him night and day. After a fortnight at Mongu, father picked up wonderfully, and was well enough to travel south. Dr. Dickson came with him part of the way and then gave him his own boy (trained as a cook as well as a nurse) to go with him the rest of the journey. The Ellenbergers, French missionaries from the Barotse

Valley, happened to be going on furlough, so this fitted in very nicely, and they joined parties at Lealui. The three weeks' journey from Lealui to Kayungula down the Zambesi was one "series of miracles," to quote father's words. It would rain all night and clear up just in time for their start off in the morning; of course they could not travel when it was raining. At night, when the pain was very bad, God drew near to His suffering servant and filled his soul with peace and with perfect resignation to His will. At times His presence so filled the tent that the whole place seemed lit with His glory. They stopped at Shesheke for a day or two, and messengers were sent from there overland to Livingstone, to ask for the waggon to be sent to meet the party. Unhappily none of these messengers could get through, as the roads were made impassable by heavy floods. Before reaching Shesheke one interesting little incident took place. They were in need of meat one time, so the canoes were stopped while M. Ellenberger took aim at two or three guinea-fowl that were on the bank and shot one. Before they could land, however, to their astonishment, they saw a lion suddenly seize the shot guinea fowl and make off with it. The lion had been lying, unperceived by the party, behind a bush near, eating a baboon. The other guinea-fowl had seen the lion, and did not move when the gun went off, but waited to see what the lion would do. The lion evidently preferred the flesh of the guinea-fowl to that of the baboon.

They did not know how long they would have to wait at Kayungula for the waggon—perhaps a week, perhaps a fortnight, as no message had got through. What was their surprise therefore to hear the crack of a whip in the distance half an hour after they had disembarked! M. Jalla had heard a rumour of a party coming down the river, so sent the waggon on "spec." Father was carried overland in a hammock, while the other missionaries and the goods went in the waggon. One day the waggon-driver said he wanted to push on for two hours longer that evening before camping for the night, as he was afraid that a river now low would fill in a few hours. They looked towards its source and saw heavy black clouds in that direction. They pushed on, hoping for the best; what was their relief to find the river

quite low ! They had hardly crossed when they heard a roar behind them, and down came the water, carrying all before it and flooding both banks of the river. If they had been on the wrong side of this flood, it would have kept them a week or ten days at the least. When they arrived at Livingstone father looked up the first train for Johannesburg. Some wanted him to wait for the quick train, which left a day later, but arrived before the slow one. But father would take the slow, stopping train, which in the end proved the quickest, as the other was delayed seventeen hours by a wash-away. Mother got Dr. Berry out to see him the day after he arrived. Dr. Berry ordered him off to the Nursing Home at once to be tapped. The doctor then told us that he did not arrive here a day too early, as the blood from the ruptured spleen would have turned septic in another day or two.

I think you know the rest of the story. He was ill four months altogether, six weeks of which he spent at Mongu and in journeying to Johannesburg.

APPENDIX B.

As stated in the Author's Preface, a list is given below of those who are labouring in the several centres named by him.

It should be remembered that some who went out were taken to be with the Lord before they could really enter upon the work to which they had given themselves; others have been called to rest after some time of service, while some are now labouring in other spheres; but the service, or readiness for it, on the part of any will not be forgotten by the Lord of the harvest.

BIHÉ.

| | | | |
|---------------------------|----|--------------|------------|
| Miss F. N. Dodington | .. | Labouring at | Okapango. |
| F. Figg | .. | .. | Ochilonda. |
| Miss A. Gammon | .. | .. | Okapango. |
| F. T. Lane, and wife | .. | .. | .. |
| A. McKinnon, and wife | .. | .. | Ohualondo. |
| Dr. O. L. Morey, and wife | .. | .. | Ochilonda. |
| G. R. Murrain, and wife | .. | .. | Ohualonda |
| F. E. S. Olford | .. | .. | Okapango. |
| E. Sanders, and wife | .. | .. | Ochilonda. |

CHOKWE-LAND.

| | | | |
|------------------------|----|----|---------------------|
| C. Aiston | .. | .. | Labouring at Mboma. |
| H. L. Gammon, and wife | .. | .. | Kasai |
| T. Louttit | .. | .. | Mboma. |
| W. C. Maitland | .. | .. | .. |
| C. W. Taylor, and wife | .. | .. | Kasai |

LOVALE-LUNDA-LAND.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|----|--------------|--------------|
| H. Cunningham, and wife | .. | Labouring at | Kalunda. |
| Dr. W. Fisher, and wife | .. | .. | Kaleñe Hill. |
| A. R. Hornby, and wife | .. | .. | Kazombo. |
| Miss W. Hoyte | .. | .. | Kaleñe Hill. |

LOVALE-LUNDA-LAND.—*Continued.*

| | | | |
|------------------------|----|----|-----------------------|
| Miss L. S. Ing | .. | .. | Labouring at Kavungu. |
| Miss A. Manders | .. | .. | „ Kalunda. |
| G. H. Mowat, and wife | .. | .. | „ Kavungu. |
| T. Rea | .. | .. | „ Kalunda. |
| E. Sawyer, and wife | .. | .. | „ Kaleñe Hill. |
| F. Schindler, and wife | .. | .. | „ Kavungu. |
| E. H. Sims, and wife | .. | .. | „ „ |

(Kabompo Valley.)

| | | | |
|----------------|----|----|------------------------|
| T. L. Rogers | .. | .. | Labouring at Balobale. |
| G. R. Suckling | .. | .. | „ „ |

VEMBA-LAND.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----|----|-------------------------|
| D. Campbell, and wife | .. | .. | Labouring at Chilubula. |
| G. Lammond, and wife | .. | .. | „ Kaleba. |
| W. Lammond, and wife | .. | .. | „ „ |
| G. W. Sims | .. | .. | „ „ |

KATANGA.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----|----|-------------------------|
| J. Anton, and wife | .. | .. | Labouring at Koni Hill. |
| J. A. Clarke | .. | .. | „ „ |
| D. Crawford, and wife | .. | .. | „ Luanza. |
| T. Higgins, and wife | .. | .. | „ Luanza. |
| P. B. Last | .. | .. | „ Bunkeya. |
| Miss H. de Paoli | .. | .. | „ Luanza. |
| F. M. Zentler | .. | .. | „ Kavamba. |

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Judson and Mr. F. W. Hallett are leaving for Central Africa as this volume is being printed.

NOTE.—In the above the names of workers are given under each station in alphabetical order. In the names of stations the older spelling has been retained, as in the volume, but as in the course of time names have been slightly changed and are often given in their altered form, perhaps a reference to the words affected may avoid confusion in the minds of readers. They are the following:

Okapango now Kapango
 Ochilonda „ Chilonda
 Ohualondo „ Hualondo.

Bihé is by the Portuguese Government now spelt without the “h.”

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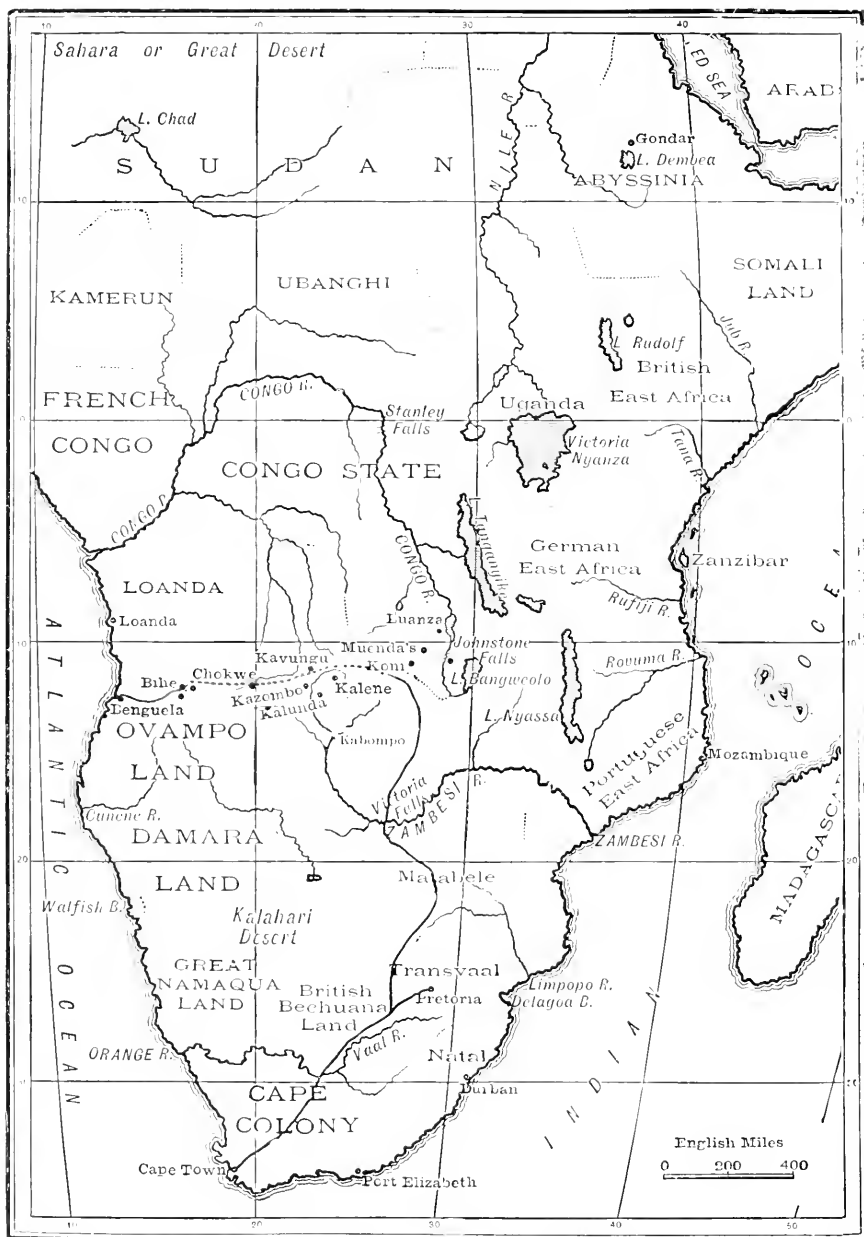
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ROUTE MAP WITH PART II.



For explanation see note on page vii.

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